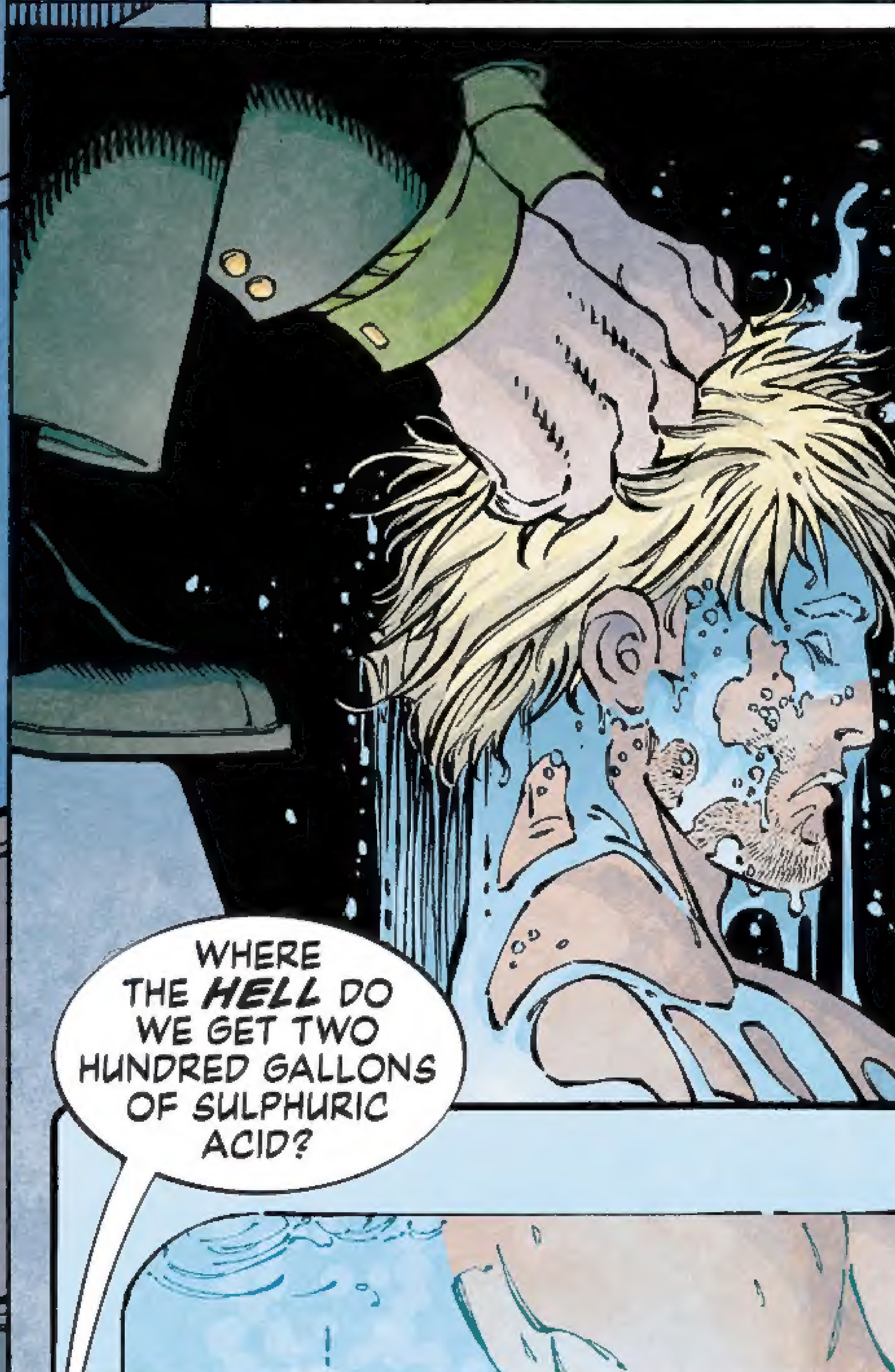

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SO WE RETRIEVED MISTER HARRIS FROM THE HOSPITAL, AS YOU REQUESTED. THE EXPLOSION BARELY DAMAGED HIM, AND THE FALL DIDN'T KILL HIM.
HE'S BEEN FALLING FOR A VERY LONG TIME. MAYBE HE'S USED TO IT BY NOW.
SO WE FIGURED WE'D BEGIN OUR RESEARCH THIS MORNING BY DROWNING HIM.
I DOUBT IT'LL RESULT IN ANYTHING USEFUL. HE HAS A VERY EFFICIENT OXYGEN EXTRACTION SYSTEM. HE CAN GET IT FROM WATER IF HE NEEDS TO.
YES. WE'VE ALREADY DISCOVERED THAT.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING **BETTER.**

SO WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING? THAT WE GO NUCLEAR?
YOU **KNOW** I DON'T DO NUCLEAR. RELIGIOUS REASONS.
WHAT ABOUT AN ACID BATH?
IT MIGHT WORK. WORTH TRYING, ANYWAY.
AND IF THE ACID DOESN'T WORK... HOW ABOUT WE JUST DUMP HIM INTO THE CONCRETE OF A FREEWAY?
THAT WOULDN'T KILL HIM EITHER. IKARIS, TRAPPED IN CONCRETE FOREVER...YOU KNOW WHAT A DISASTER THAT WOULD BE?



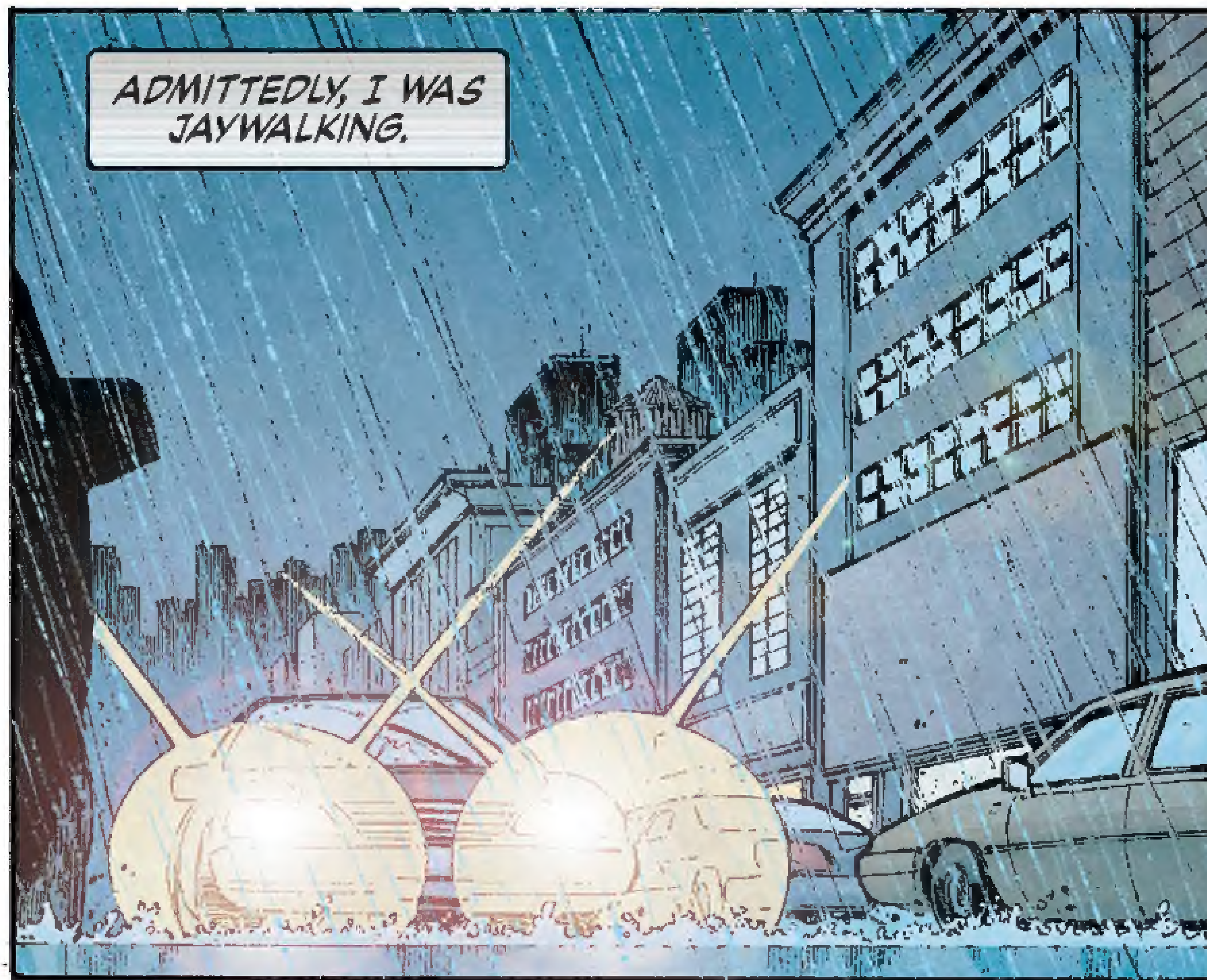


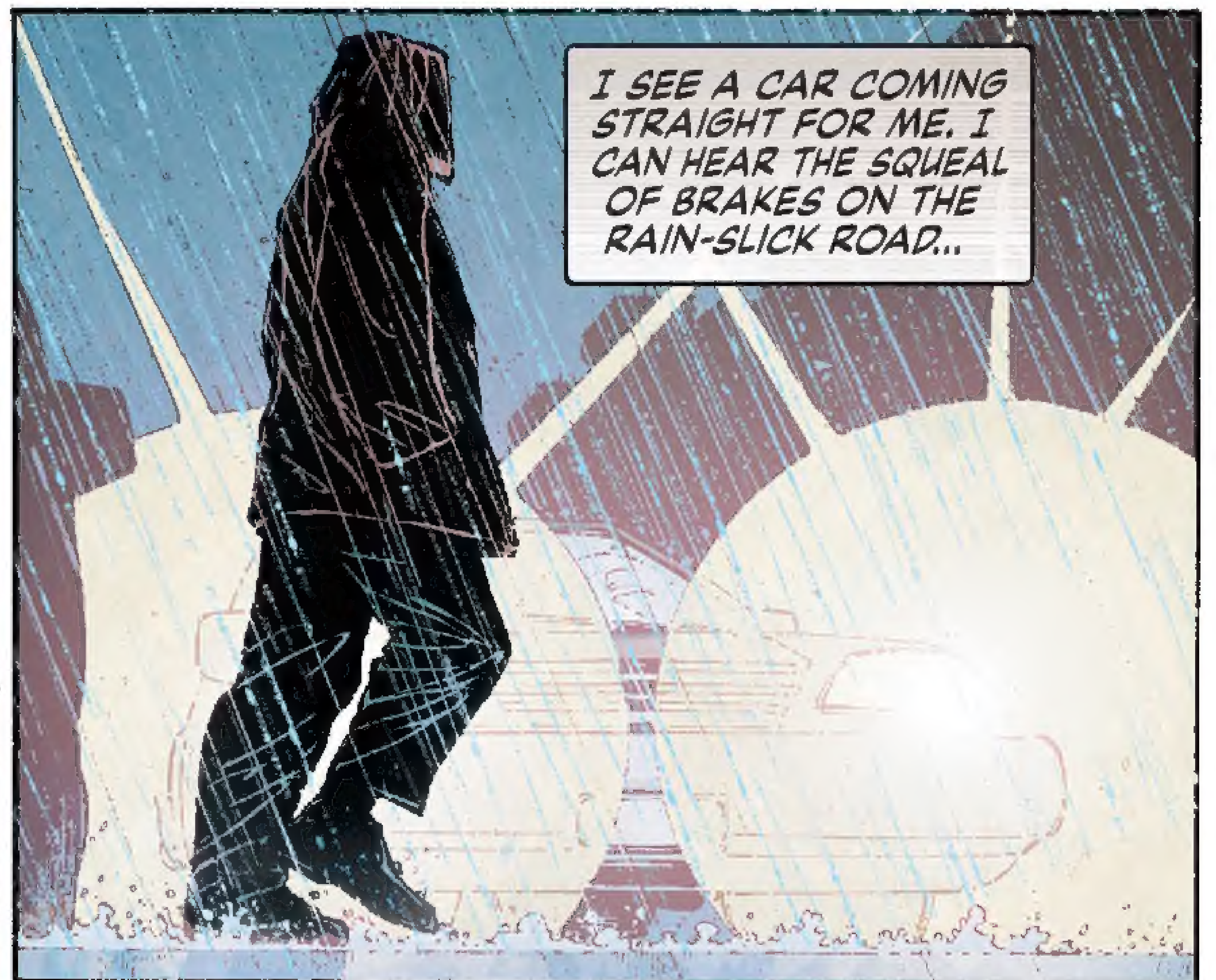




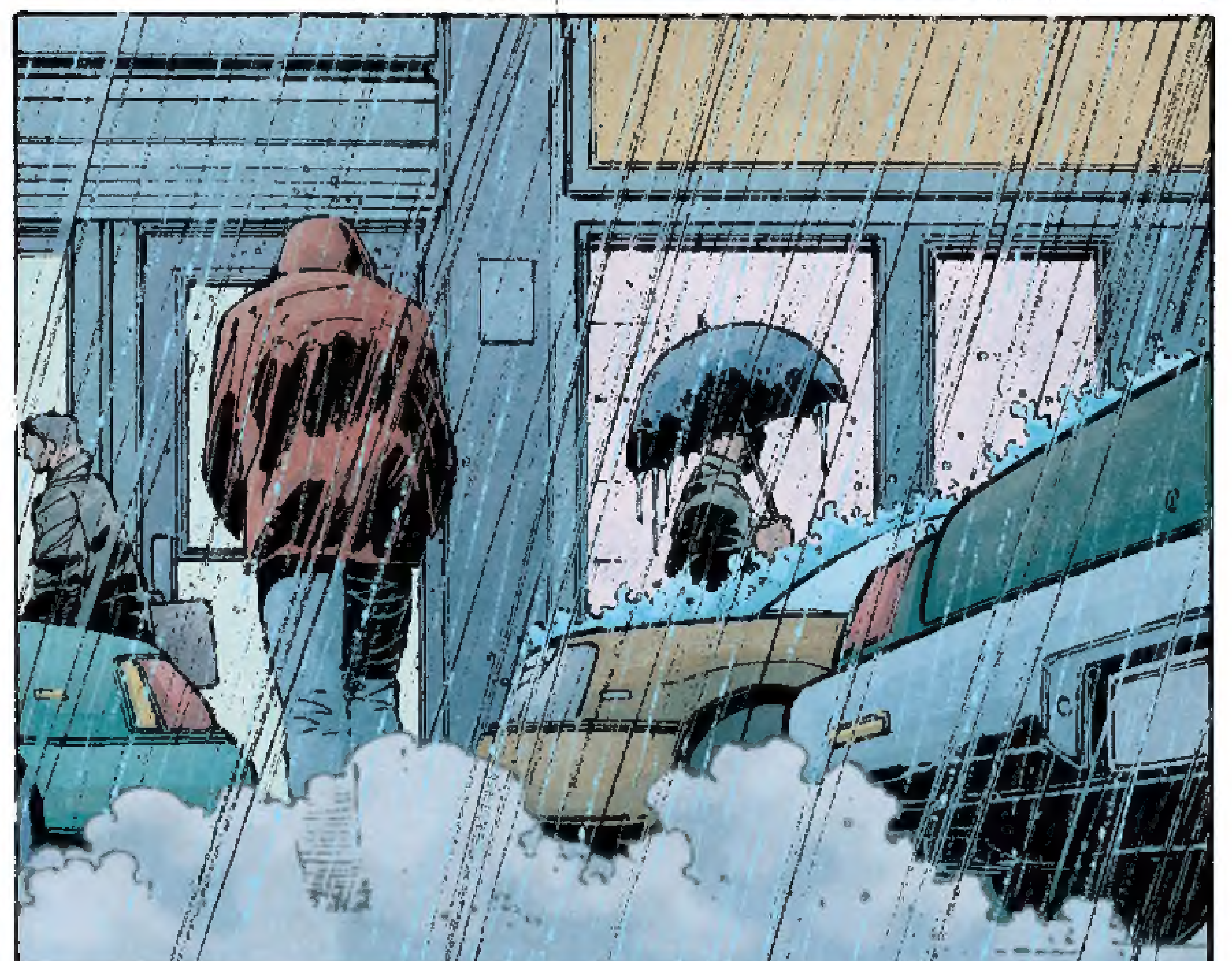



EMERGENCY
I GUESS THE HALLUCINATIONS STARTED AFTER THEY TOOK THE BIG DUDE AWAY. NOT IMMEDIATELY.
I'M WALKING OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AFTER A 28-HOUR SHIFT, AND ALL I'M THINKING OF IS A DOUBLE GIANT VANILLA MOCHA LATTE, WHEN IT HAPPENS.
FD*NY
AMBULANCE


ADMITTEDLY, I WAS JAYWALKING.


I SEE A CAR COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME. I CAN HEAR THE SQUEAL OF BRAKES ON THE RAIN-SLICK ROAD...



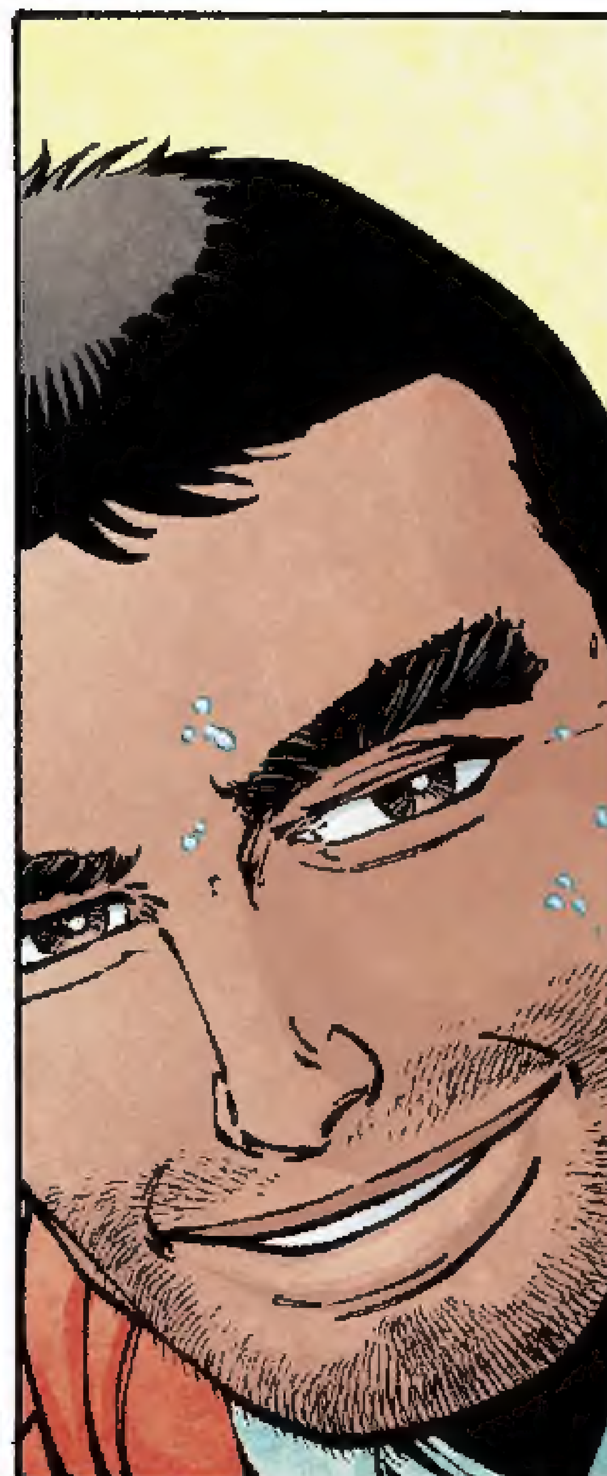


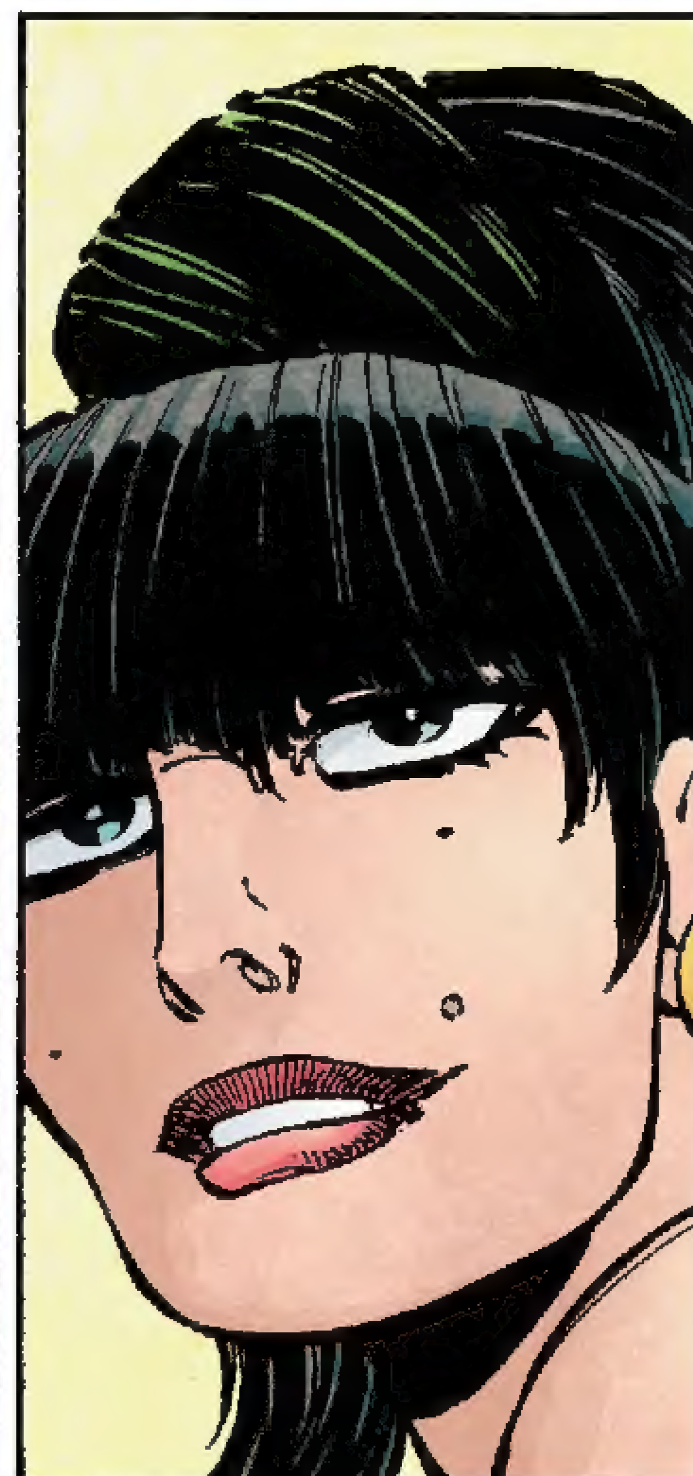

WEIRD. FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THAT--
NAH. I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO LONG. NEED SLEEP.
COFFEE... NEED COFFEE...


COFFEE JONES

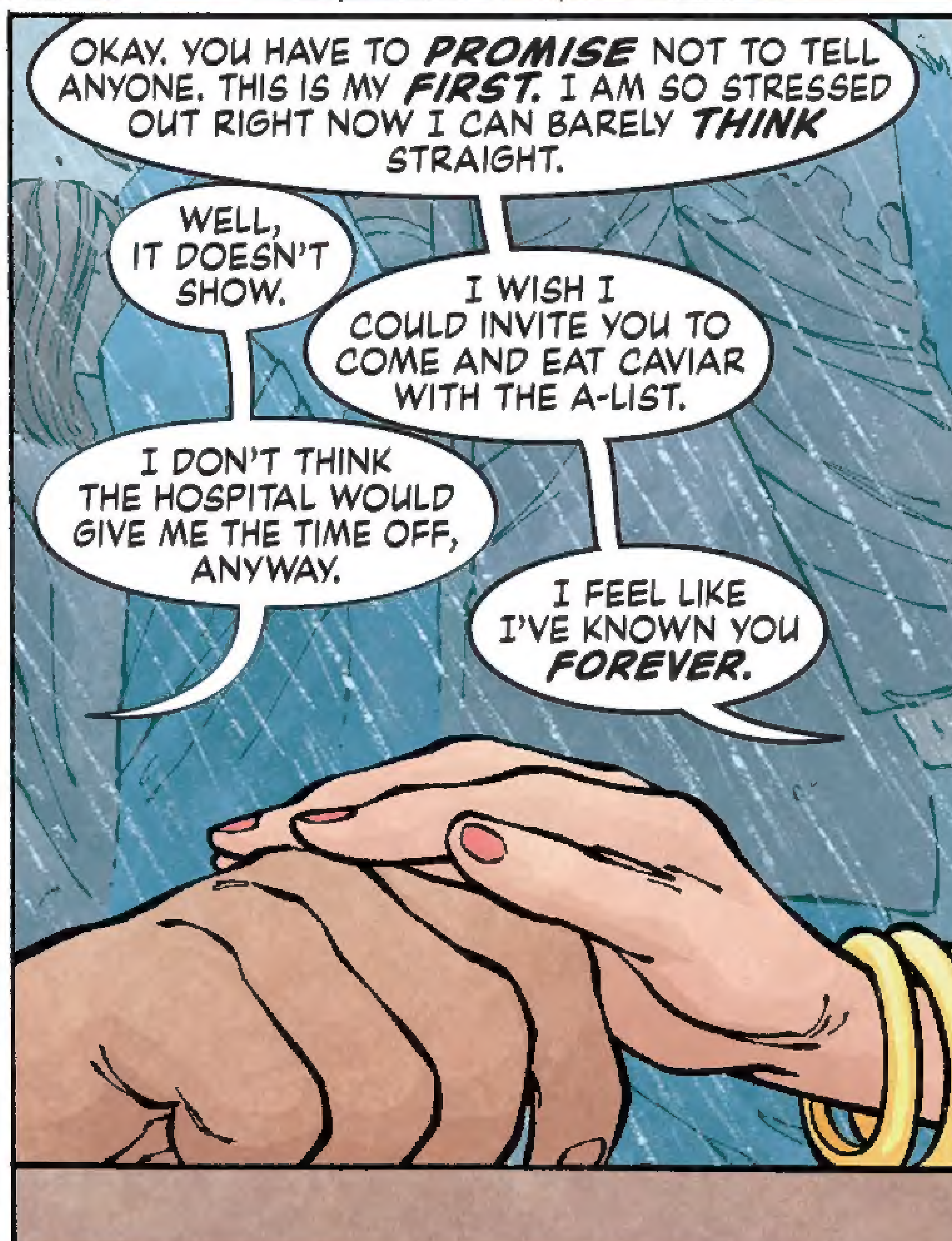

DOUBLE GIANT VANILLA MOCHA LATTE?

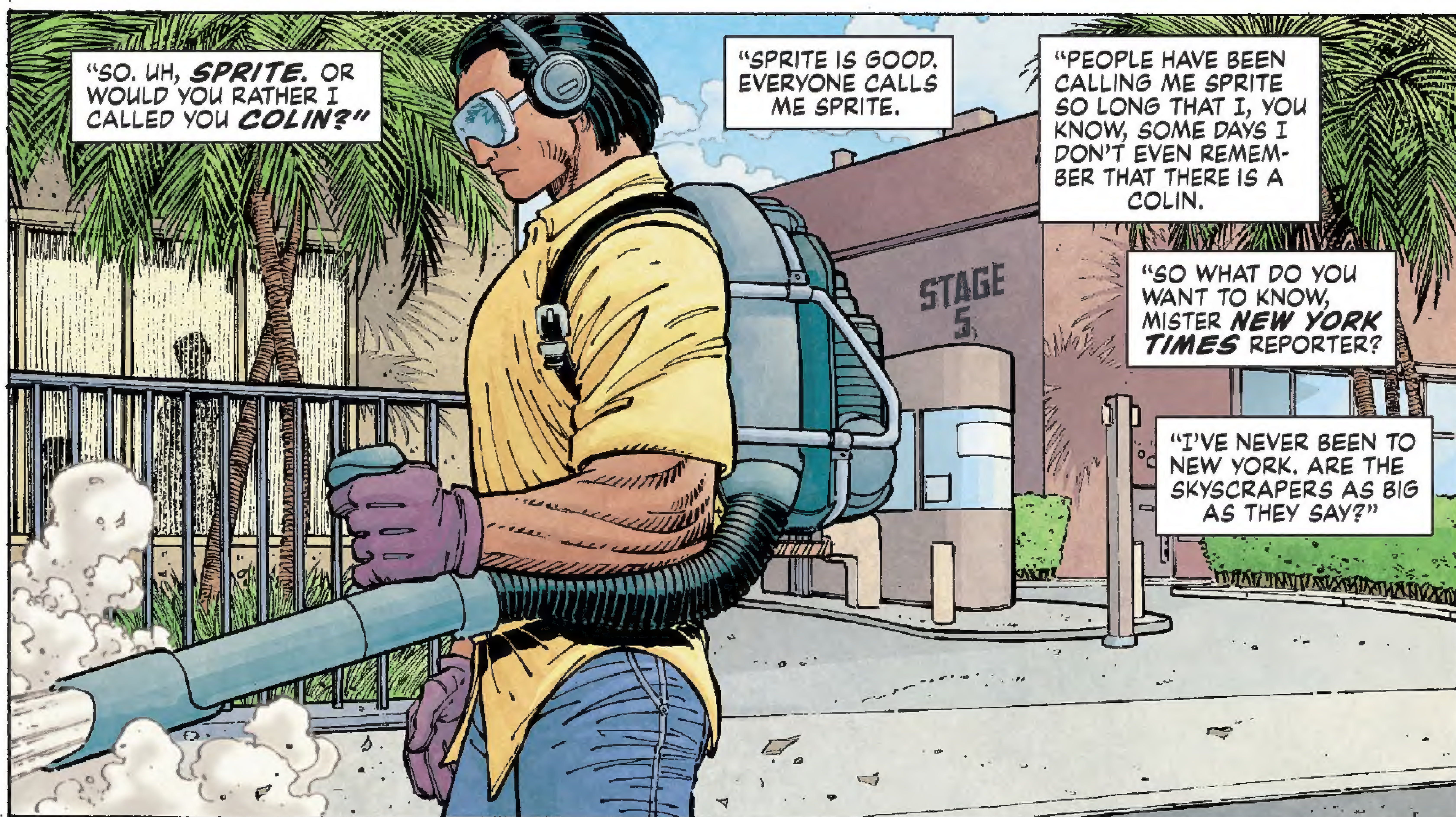

THAT'S ME.
THAT'S MINE.

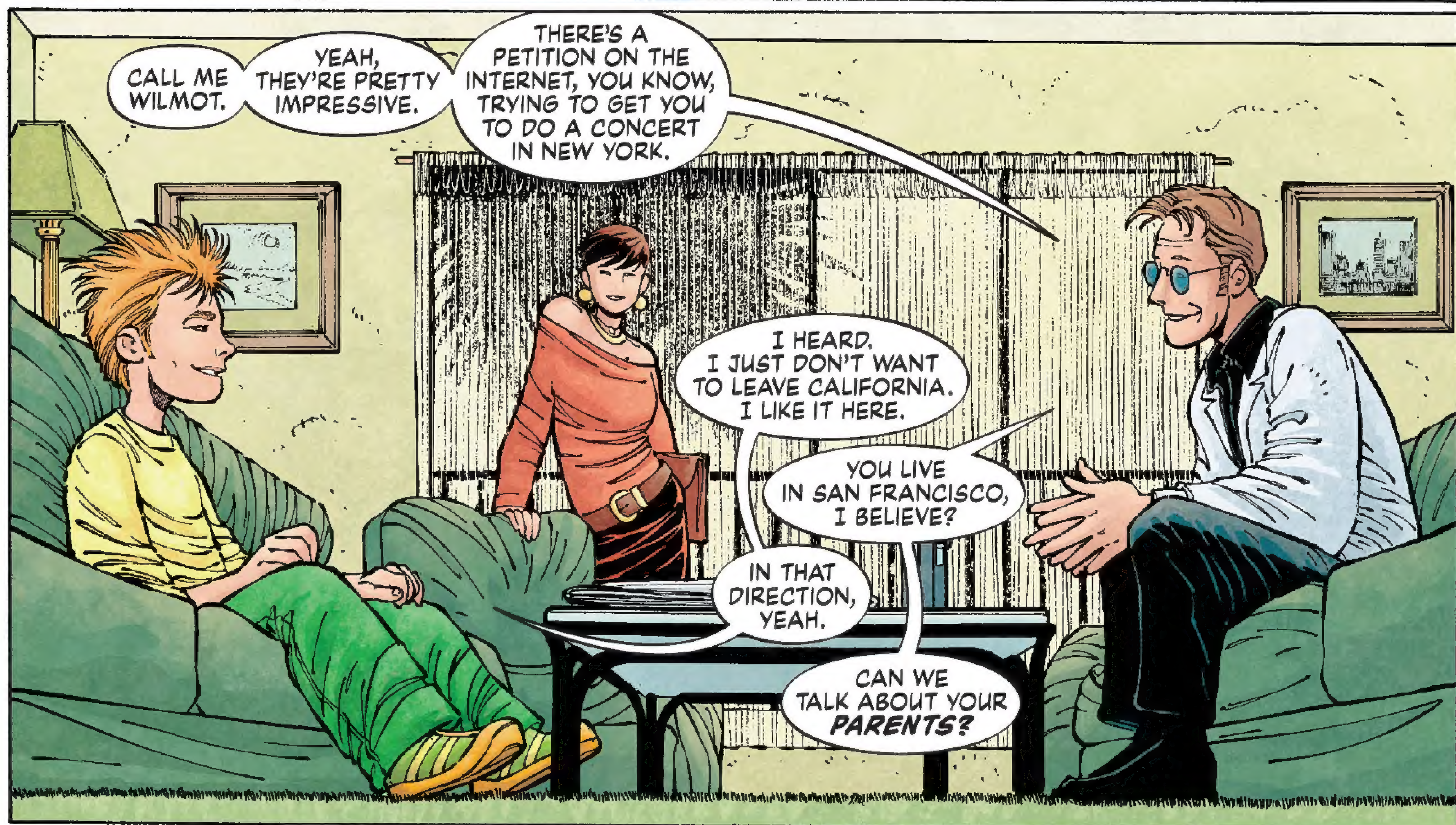


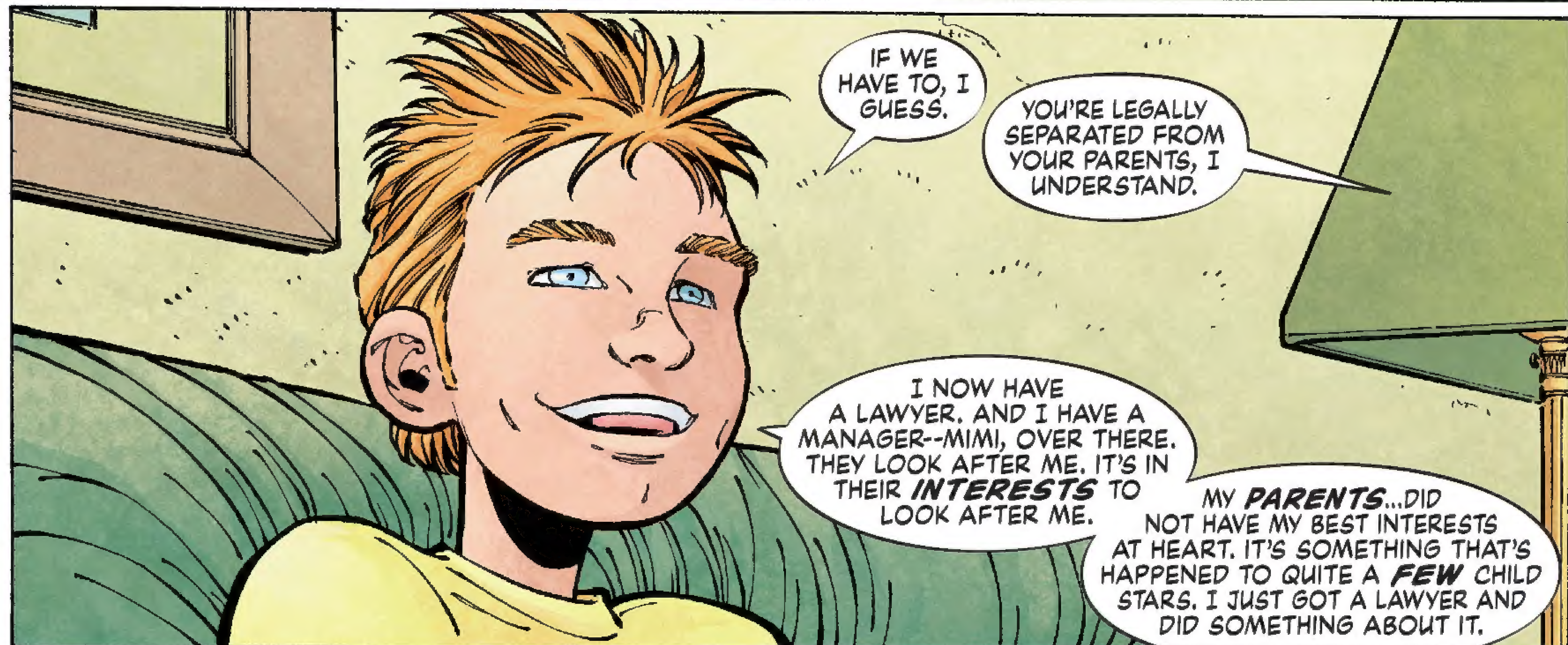


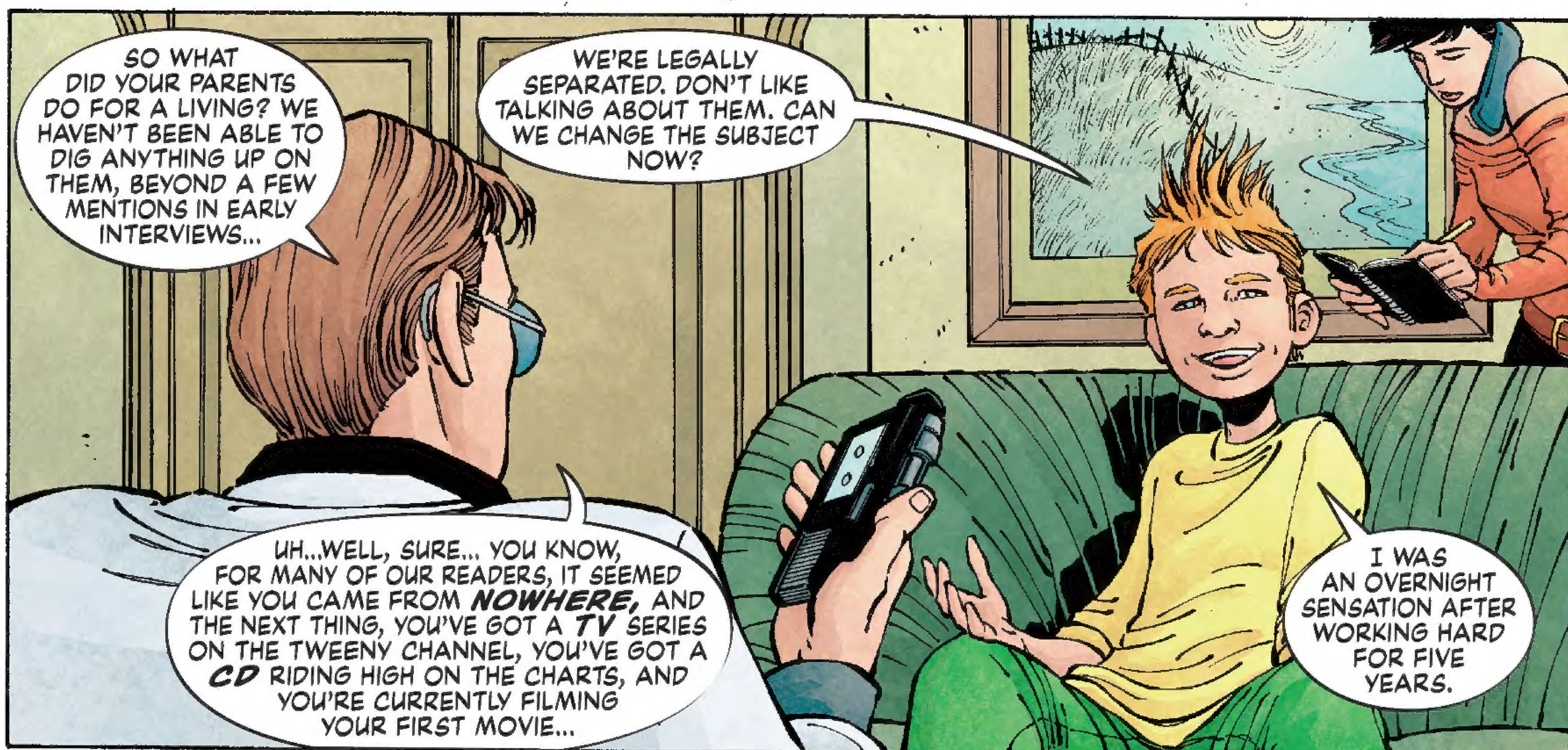

MARK CURRY. I'M A MED STUDENT, WORKING DOWN AT THE HOSPITAL...
I'M A PARTY ORGANIZER. AND I'M PUTTING ON THIS HUGE PARTY FOR THE VOROZHEIKAN EMBASSY. IT'S LIKE THIS MASSIVE RUSH JOB. I'VE NOT SLEPT FOR 26 HOURS, ORGANIZING THE CATERERS, CONFIRMING GUESTS...
28 HOURS OVER HERE.
WOW.
SO HOW MANY OF THESE BIG PARTIES HAVE YOU PUT ON?

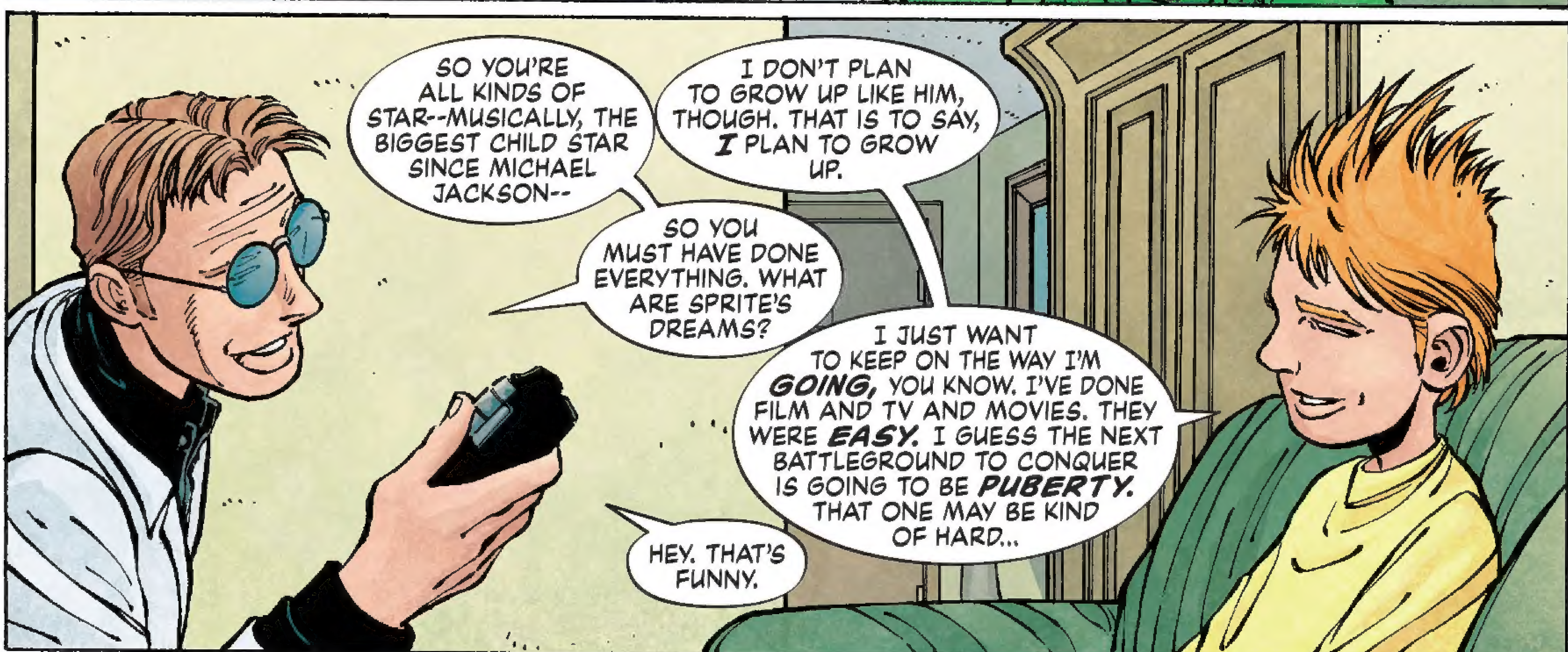

OKAY. YOU HAVE TO PROMISE NOT TO TELL ANYONE. THIS IS MY FIRST. I AM SO STRESSED OUT RIGHT NOW I CAN BARELY THINK STRAIGHT.
WELL, IT DOESN'T SHOW.
I WISH I COULD INVITE YOU TO COME AND EAT CAVIAR WITH THE A-LIST.
I DON'T THINK THE HOSPITAL WOULD GIVE ME THE TIME OFF, ANYWAY.
I FEEL LIKE I'VE KNOWN YOU FOREVER.

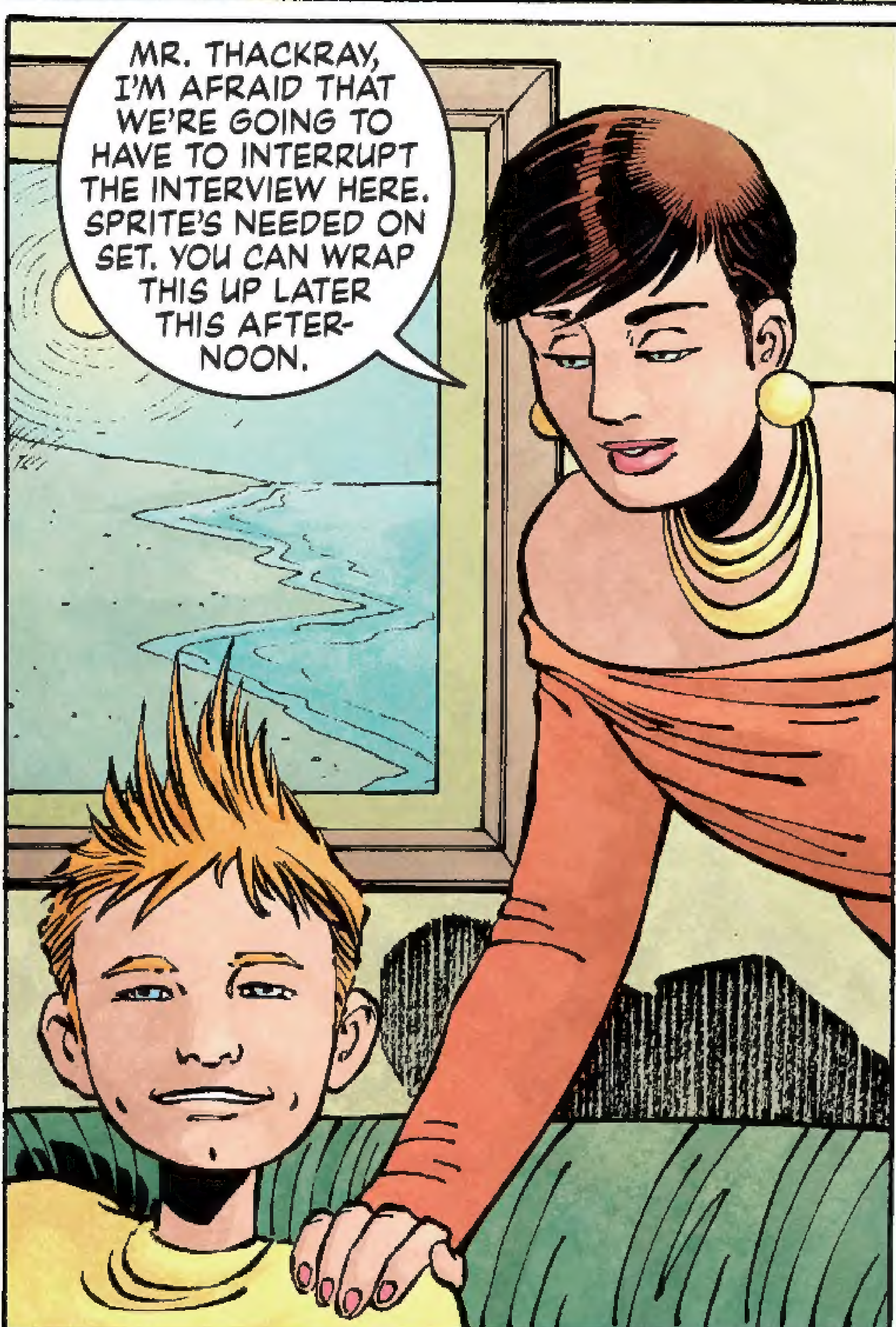

"SO. UH, SPRITE. OR WOULD YOU RATHER I CALLED YOU COLIN?"
"SPRITE IS GOOD. EVERYONE CALLS ME SPRITE.
"PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CALLING ME SPRITE SO LONG THAT I, YOU KNOW, SOME DAYS I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT THERE IS A COLIN.
"SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW, MISTER NEW YORK TIMES REPORTER?
"I'VE NEVER BEEN TO NEW YORK. ARE THE SKYSCRAPERS AS BIG AS THEY SAY?"
STAGE 5


CALL ME WILMOT.
YEAH, THEY'RE PRETTY IMPRESSIVE.
THERE'S A PETITION ON THE INTERNET, YOU KNOW, TRYING TO GET YOU TO DO A CONCERT IN NEW YORK.
I HEARD. I JUST DON'T WANT TO LEAVE CALIFORNIA. I LIKE IT HERE.
YOU LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO, I BELIEVE?
IN THAT DIRECTION, YEAH.
CAN WE TALK ABOUT YOUR PARENTS?

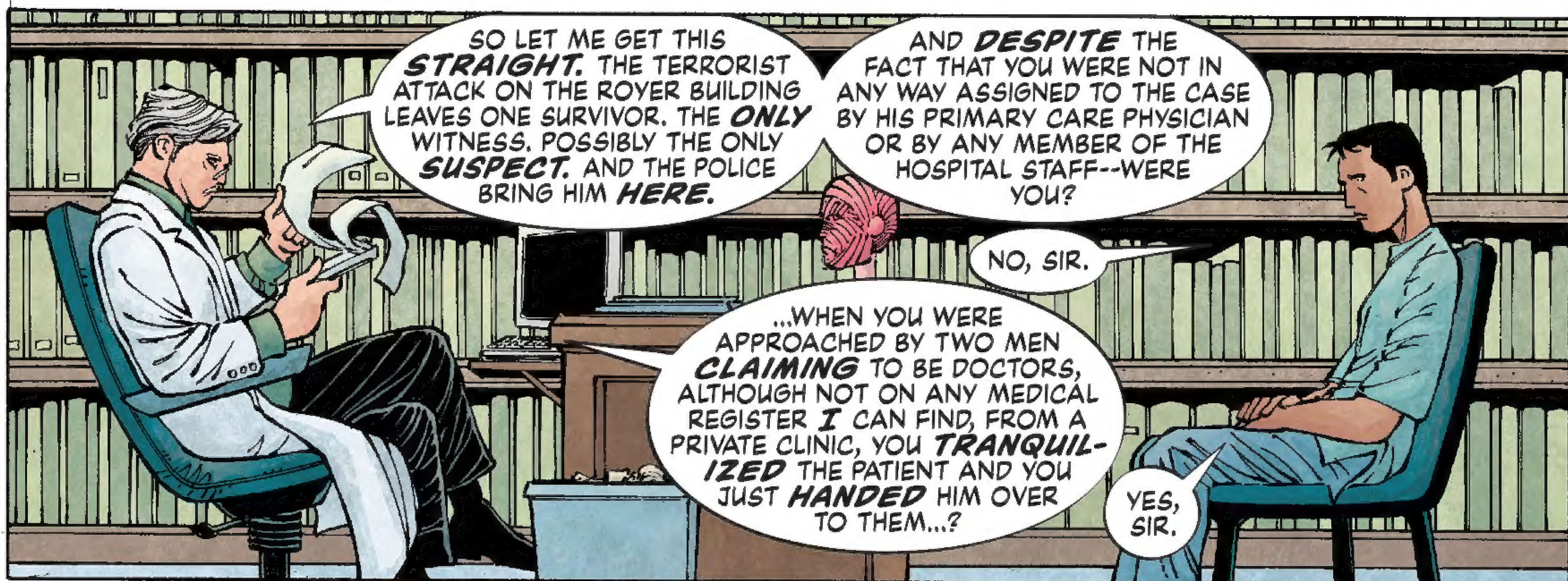

IF WE HAVE TO, I GUESS.
YOU'RE LEGALLY SEPARATED FROM YOUR PARENTS, I UNDERSTAND.
I NOW HAVE A LAWYER. AND I HAVE A MANAGER--MIMI, OVER THERE. THEY LOOK AFTER ME. IT'S IN THEIR INTERESTS TO LOOK AFTER ME.
MY PARENTS...DID NOT HAVE MY BEST INTERESTS AT HEART. IT'S SOMETHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO QUITE A FEW CHILD STARS. I JUST GOT A LAWYER AND DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

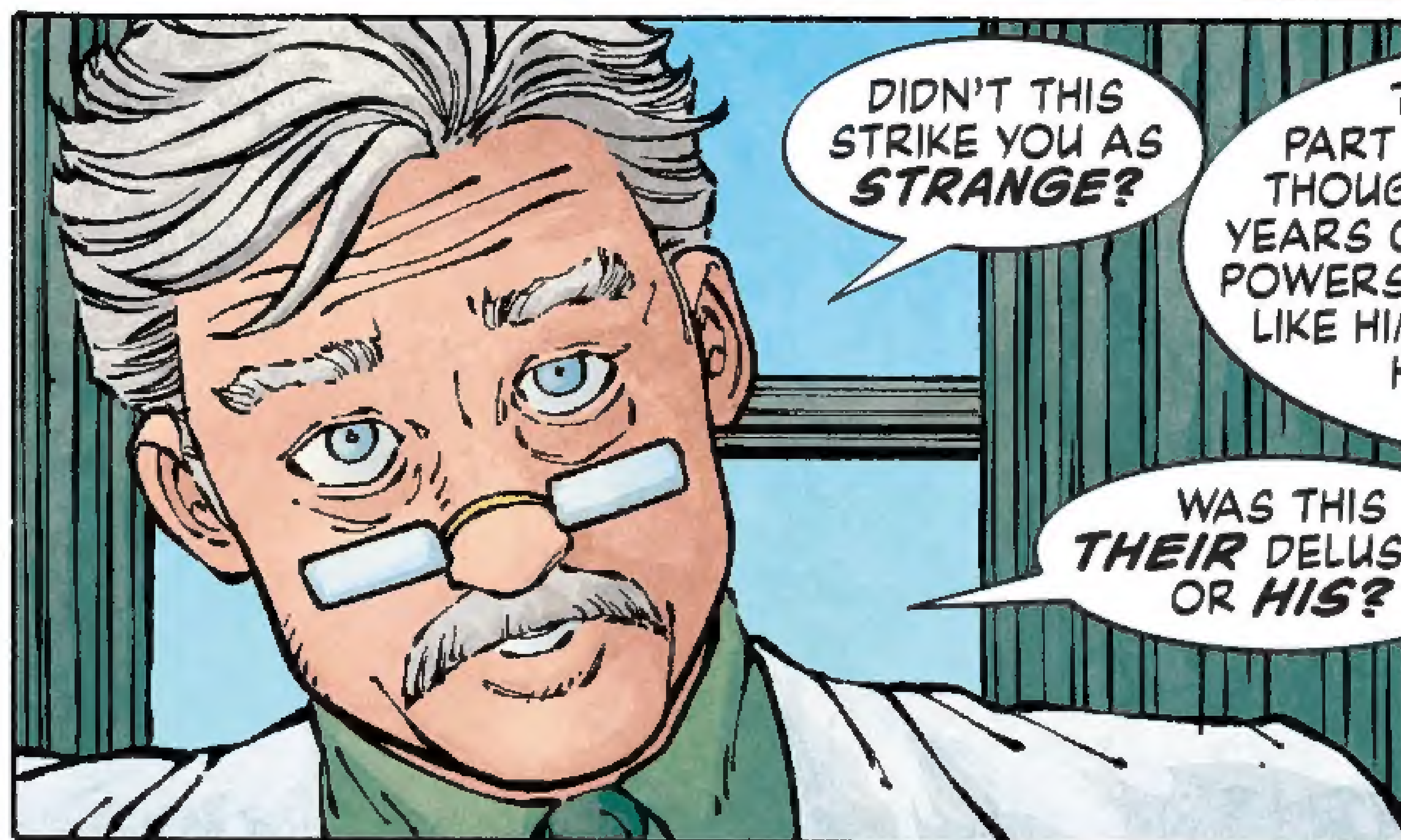

SO WHAT DID YOUR PARENTS DO FOR A LIVING? WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DIG ANYTHING UP ON THEM, BEYOND A FEW MENTIONS IN EARLY INTERVIEWS...
WE'RE LEGALLY SEPARATED. DON'T LIKE TALKING ABOUT THEM. CAN WE CHANGE THE SUBJECT NOW?
UH...WELL, SURE... YOU KNOW, FOR MANY OF OUR READERS, IT SEEMED LIKE YOU CAME FROM **NOWHERE,** AND THE NEXT THING, YOU'VE GOT A **TV** SERIES ON THE TWEENY CHANNEL, YOU'VE GOT A **CD** RIDING HIGH ON THE CHARTS, AND YOU'RE CURRENTLY FILMING YOUR FIRST MOVIE...
I WAS AN OVERNIGHT SENSATION AFTER WORKING HARD FOR FIVE YEARS.


SO YOU'RE ALL KINDS OF STAR--MUSICALLY, THE BIGGEST CHILD STAR SINCE MICHAEL JACKSON--
I DON'T PLAN TO GROW UP LIKE HIM, THOUGH. THAT IS TO SAY, **I** PLAN TO GROW UP.
SO YOU MUST HAVE DONE EVERYTHING. WHAT ARE SPRITE'S DREAMS?
I JUST WANT TO KEEP ON THE WAY I'M **GOING,** YOU KNOW. I'VE DONE FILM AND TV AND MOVIES. THEY WERE **EASY.** I GUESS THE NEXT BATTLEGROUND TO CONQUER IS GOING TO BE **PUBERTY.** THAT ONE MAY BE KIND OF HARD...
HEY. THAT'S FUNNY.


MR. THACKRAY, I'M AFRAID THAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO INTERRUPT THE INTERVIEW HERE. SPRITE'S NEEDED ON SET. YOU CAN WRAP THIS UP LATER THIS AFTER-NOON.


I'M SORRY, SPRITE. I **TOLD** HIM YOU DIDN'T TALK ABOUT YOUR PARENTS...
IS HE GOING TO GET THE SECOND PART OF HIS INTERVIEW?
NOT A **HOPE** IN **HELL,** HON.
GOOD.

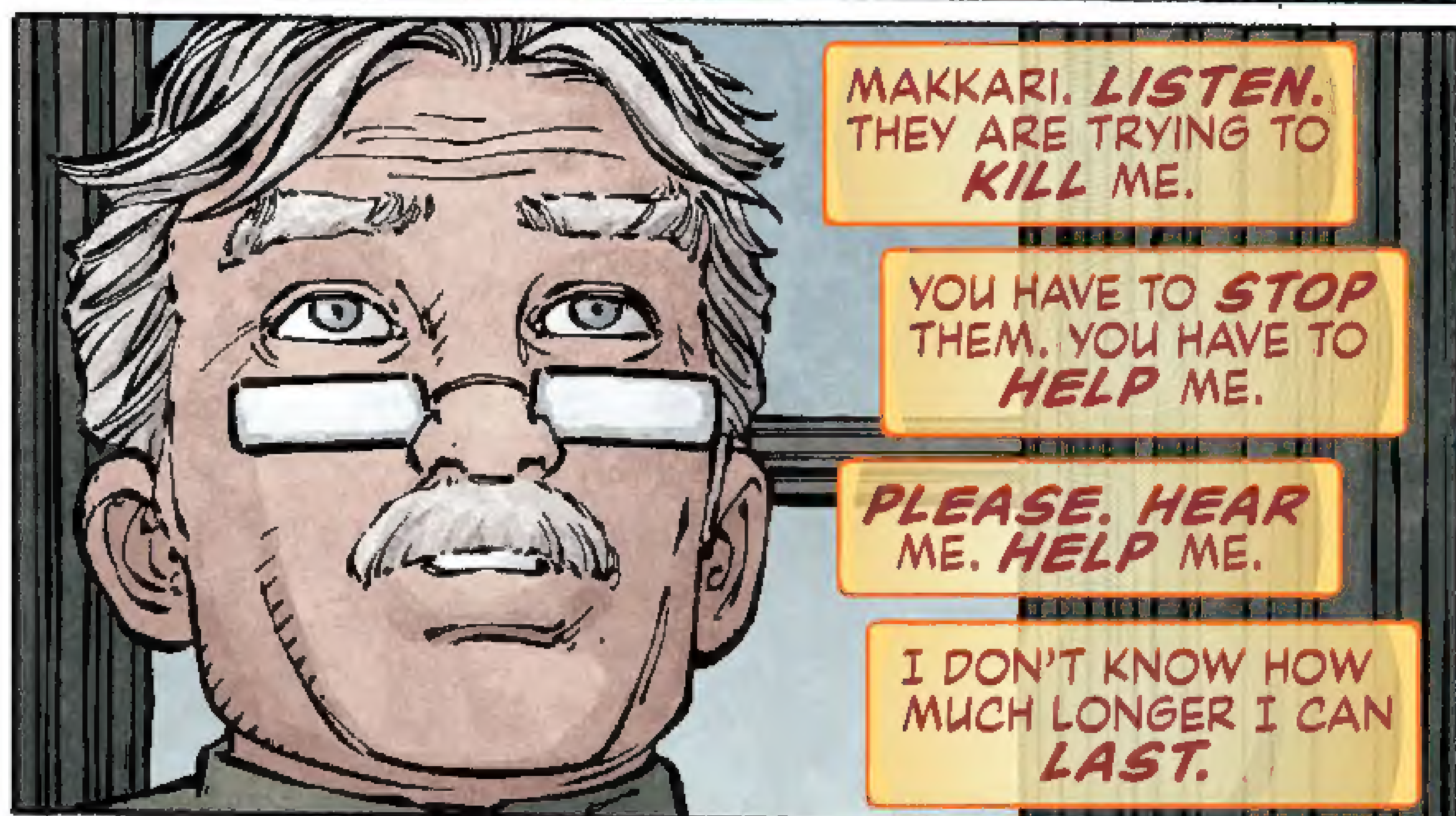

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. THE TERRORIST ATTACK ON THE ROYER BUILDING LEAVES ONE SURVIVOR. THE ONLY WITNESS. POSSIBLY THE ONLY SUSPECT. AND THE POLICE BRING HIM HERE.
AND DESPITE THE FACT THAT YOU WERE NOT IN ANY WAY ASSIGNED TO THE CASE BY HIS PRIMARY CARE PHYSICIAN OR BY ANY MEMBER OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF--WERE YOU?
NO, SIR.
...WHEN YOU WERE APPROACHED BY TWO MEN CLAIMING TO BE DOCTORS, ALTHOUGH NOT ON ANY MEDICAL REGISTER I CAN FIND, FROM A PRIVATE CLINIC, YOU TRANQUIL-IZED THE PATIENT AND YOU JUST HANDED HIM OVER TO THEM...?
YES, SIR.

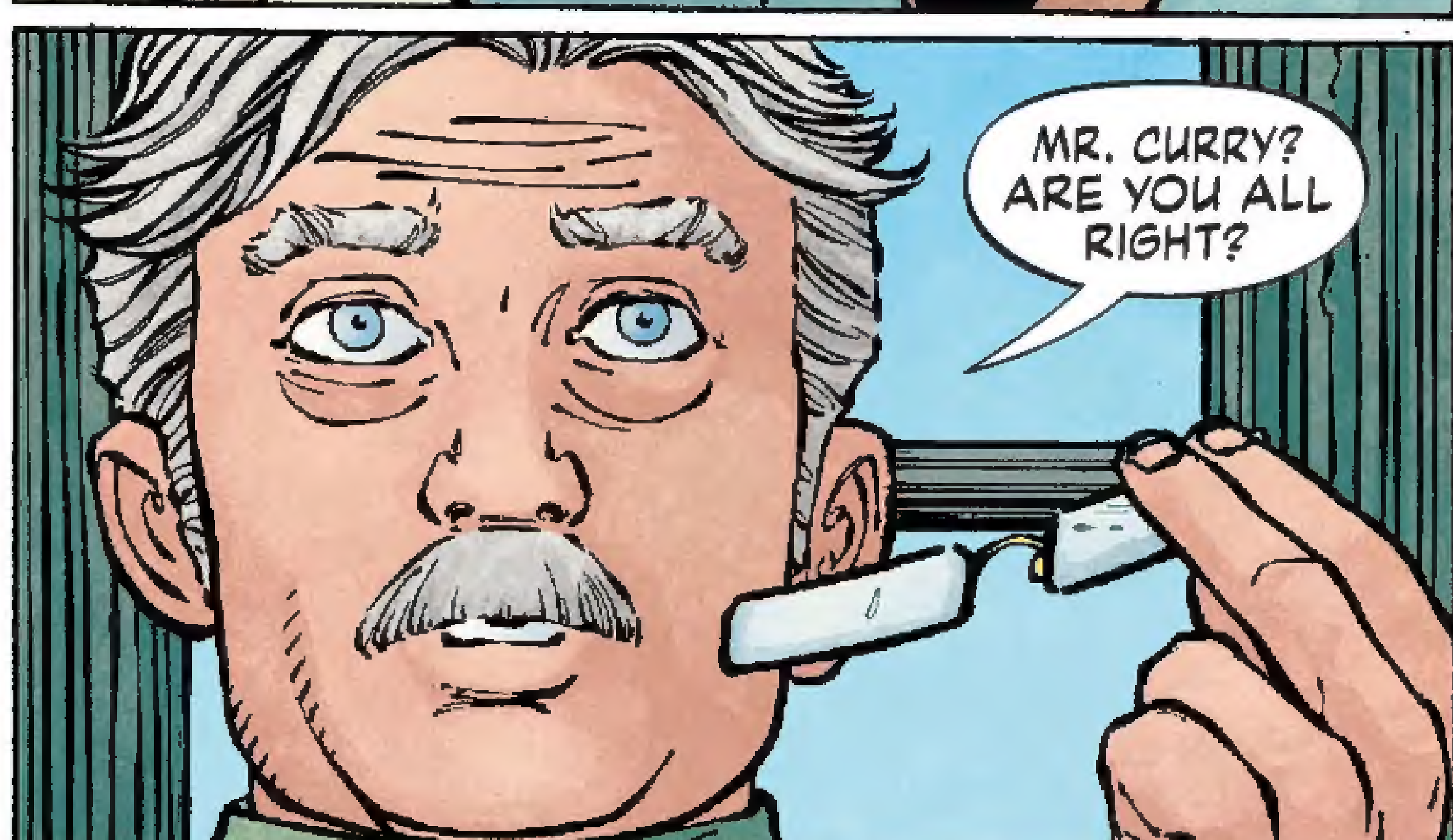

DIDN'T THIS STRIKE YOU AS STRANGE?
WAS THIS THEIR DELUSION, OR HIS?


THEY SAID I WAS PART OF HIS FANTASY, SIR. THOUGHT HE WAS A MILLION YEARS OLD, AND HAD AMAZING POWERS, AND THAT I WAS JUST LIKE HIM. THEY WERE SCARED HE MIGHT TURN ON ME.
HIS, SIR.

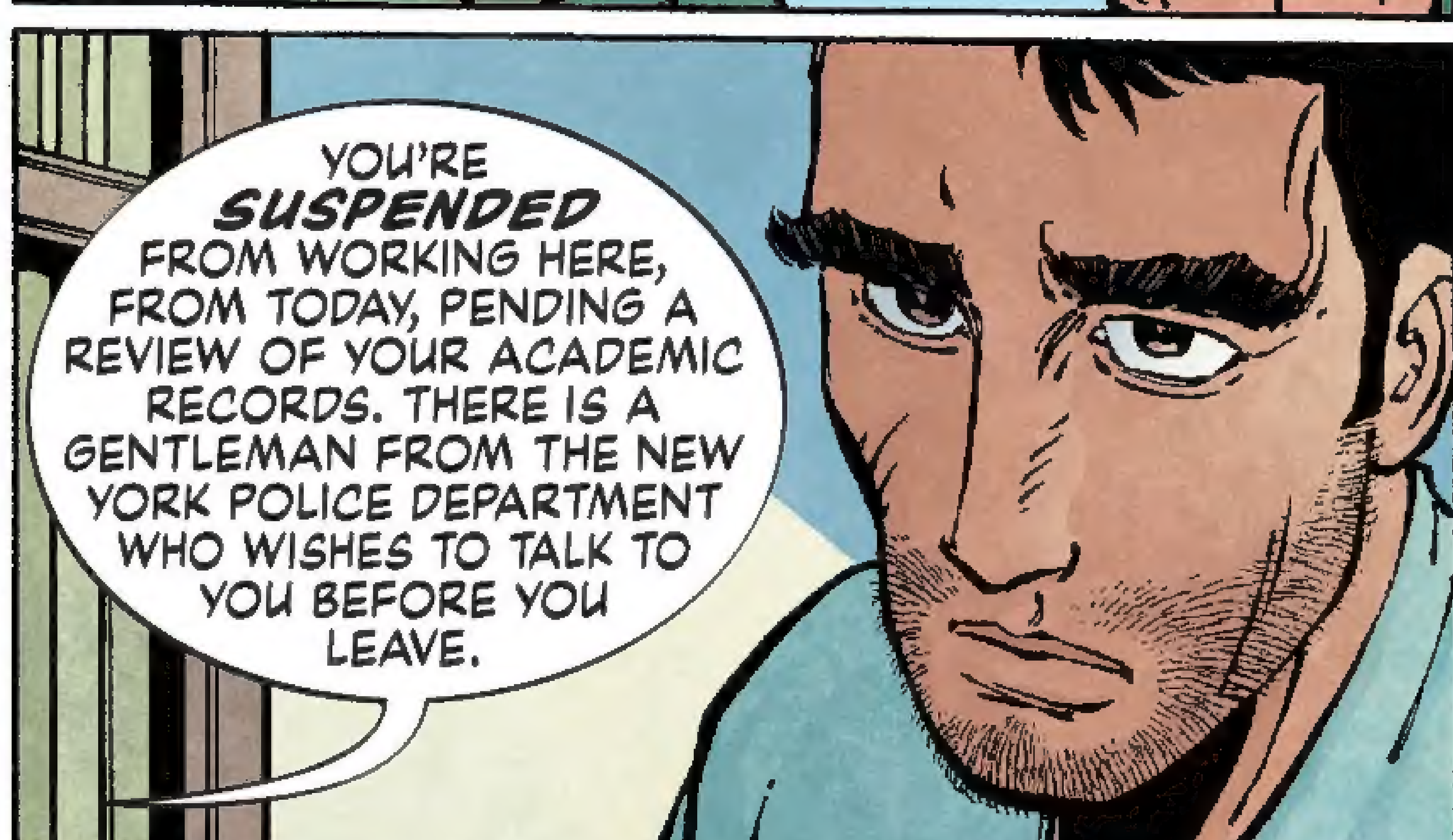



YOU KNOW, IN THE 35 YEARS I'VE BEEN WORKING HERE, I'VE ENCOUNTERED OVER TWO HUNDRED PATIENTS WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE JESUS CHRIST. I NEVER GAVE ANY OF THEM AWAY.
THERE'S ALSO THE MATTER OF TEN MILLIGRAMS OF HALPERIDOL. SOMETHING YOU WEREN'T AUTHORIZED TO ADMINISTER...


MAKKARI. LISTEN. THEY ARE TRYING TO KILL ME.
YOU HAVE TO STOP THEM. YOU HAVE TO HELP ME.
PLEASE. HEAR ME. HELP ME.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN LAST.


MR. CURRY? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?


I'M SORRY. I... YES, I'M FINE.

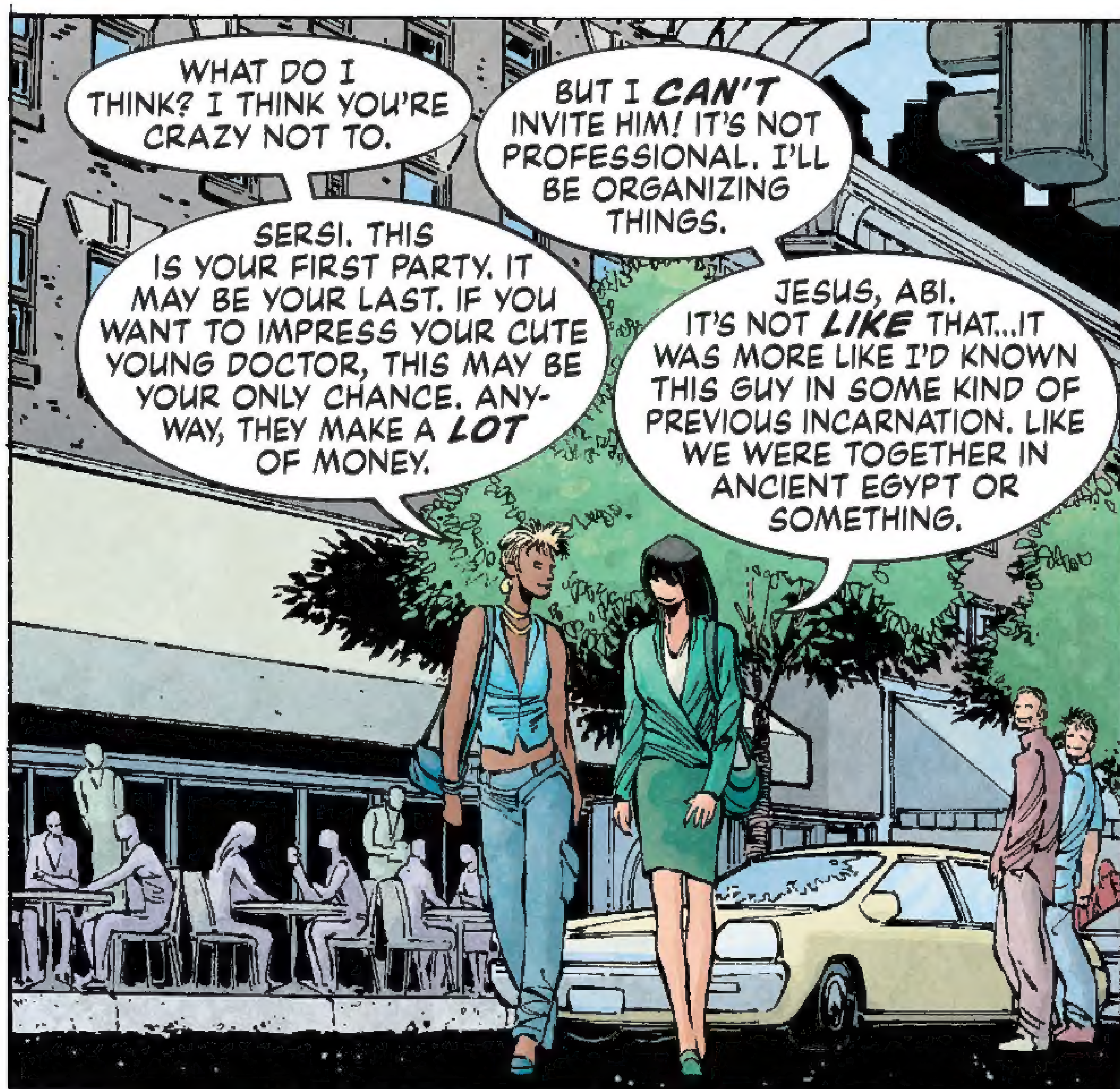

YOU'RE SUSPENDED FROM WORKING HERE, FROM TODAY, PENDING A REVIEW OF YOUR ACADEMIC RECORDS. THERE IS A GENTLEMAN FROM THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT WHO WISHES TO TALK TO YOU BEFORE YOU LEAVE.

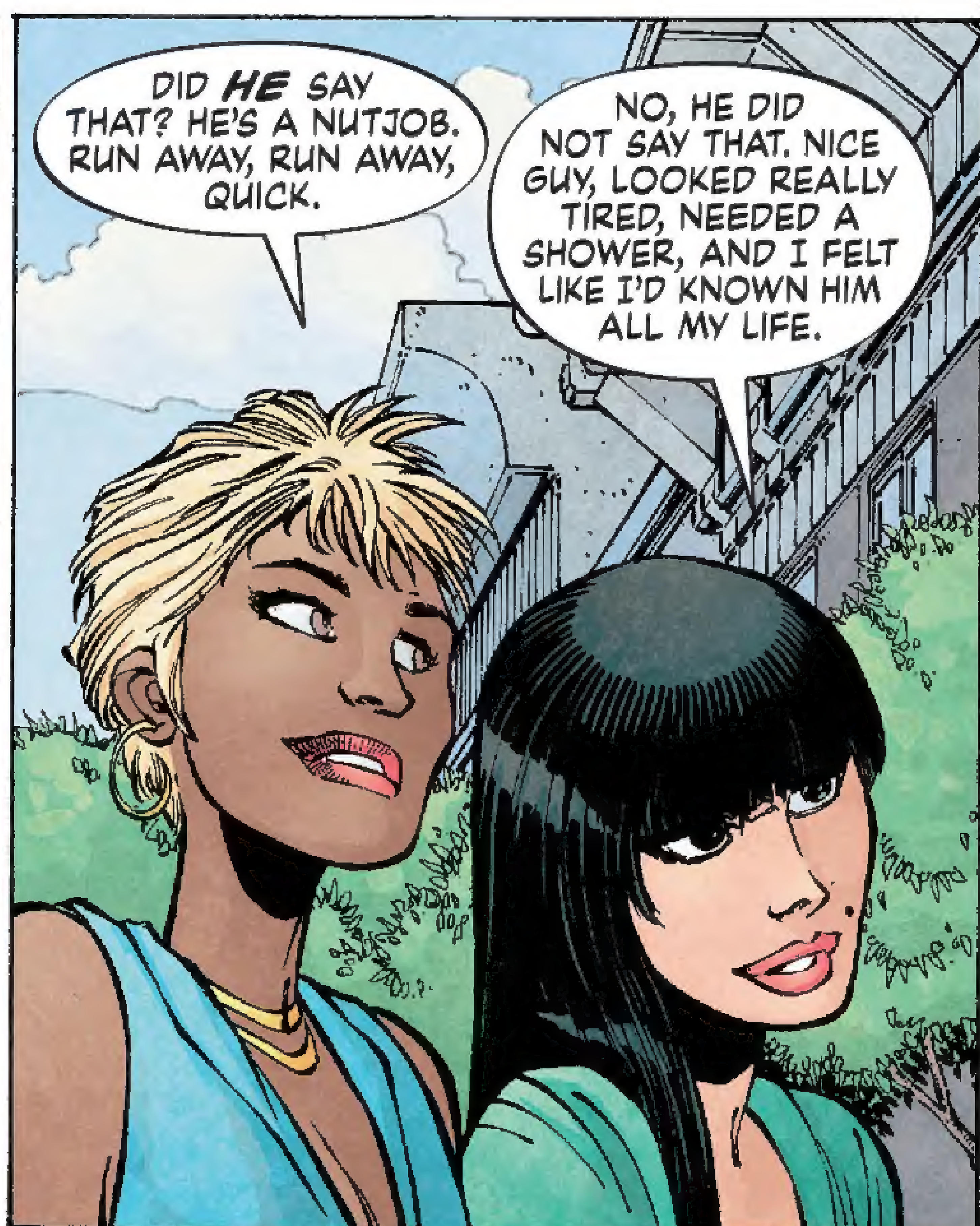

I DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT THROUGH THE POLICE INTERVIEW. INCOHERENTLY, I GUESS. I TOLD THEM ABOUT THE GUY SHOWING UP AT MY HOUSE. I COULDN'T EXPLAIN WHY I HADN'T TOLD THEM ABOUT THAT, OR MEETING HIM IN THE MEN'S ROOM, AT THE BEGINNING.


I'M NOT SURE WHAT THEY SUSPECTED. THEY MADE ME TAKE A URINE TEST AND THEY PHOTOCOPIED MY DRIVER'S LICENSE.


I TOLD THEM EVERYTHING, EXCEPT THE **REAL** REASON I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT HARRIS.


I DIDN'T TELL THEM I'D **DREAMED** ABOUT HIM. ABOUT HIS DEVIANTS. HIS SPACE GODS. BEFORE I'D EVER MET HIM, I DREAMED ABOUT HIM. DREAMED ABOUT HIM SAVING MY LIFE...
GOD HELP ME. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK IT WAS TRUE.
AND THAT MAYBE THE VOICE I HEARD IN MY HEAD **WASN'T** JUST MY IMAGINATION.
I WANTED TO THINK THAT I WAS GOING CRAZY. BECAUSE THE ALTERNATIVE WAS WORSE.


WHAT DO I THINK? I THINK YOU'RE CRAZY NOT TO.
SERSI. THIS IS YOUR FIRST PARTY. IT MAY BE YOUR LAST. IF YOU WANT TO IMPRESS YOUR CUTE YOUNG DOCTOR, THIS MAY BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE. ANYWAY, THEY MAKE A **LOT** OF MONEY.
BUT I **CAN'T** INVITE HIM! IT'S NOT PROFESSIONAL. I'LL BE ORGANIZING THINGS.
JESUS, ABI. IT'S NOT **LIKE** THAT...IT WAS MORE LIKE I'D KNOWN THIS GUY IN SOME KIND OF PREVIOUS INCARNATION. LIKE WE WERE TOGETHER IN ANCIENT EGYPT OR SOMETHING.

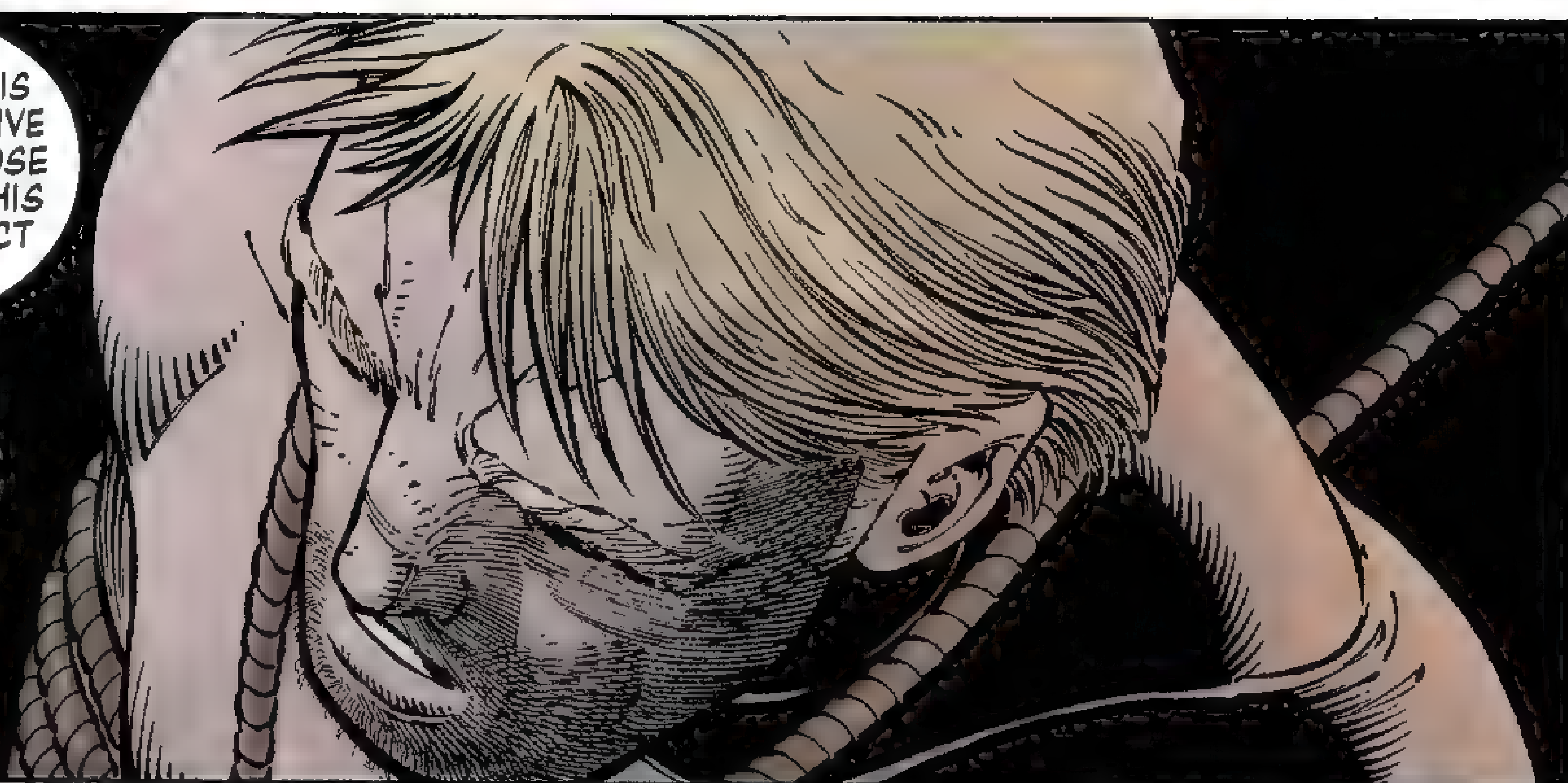

DID **HE** SAY THAT? HE'S A NUTJOB. RUN AWAY, RUN AWAY, QUICK.
NO, HE DID NOT SAY THAT. NICE GUY, LOOKED REALLY TIRED, NEEDED A SHOWER, AND I FELT LIKE I'D KNOWN HIM ALL MY LIFE.


SO INVITE HIM TO YOUR PARTY. TELL THE RUSSIANS HE'S SOME FAMOUS DOCTOR DUDE. **THEY'LL** NEVER KNOW.

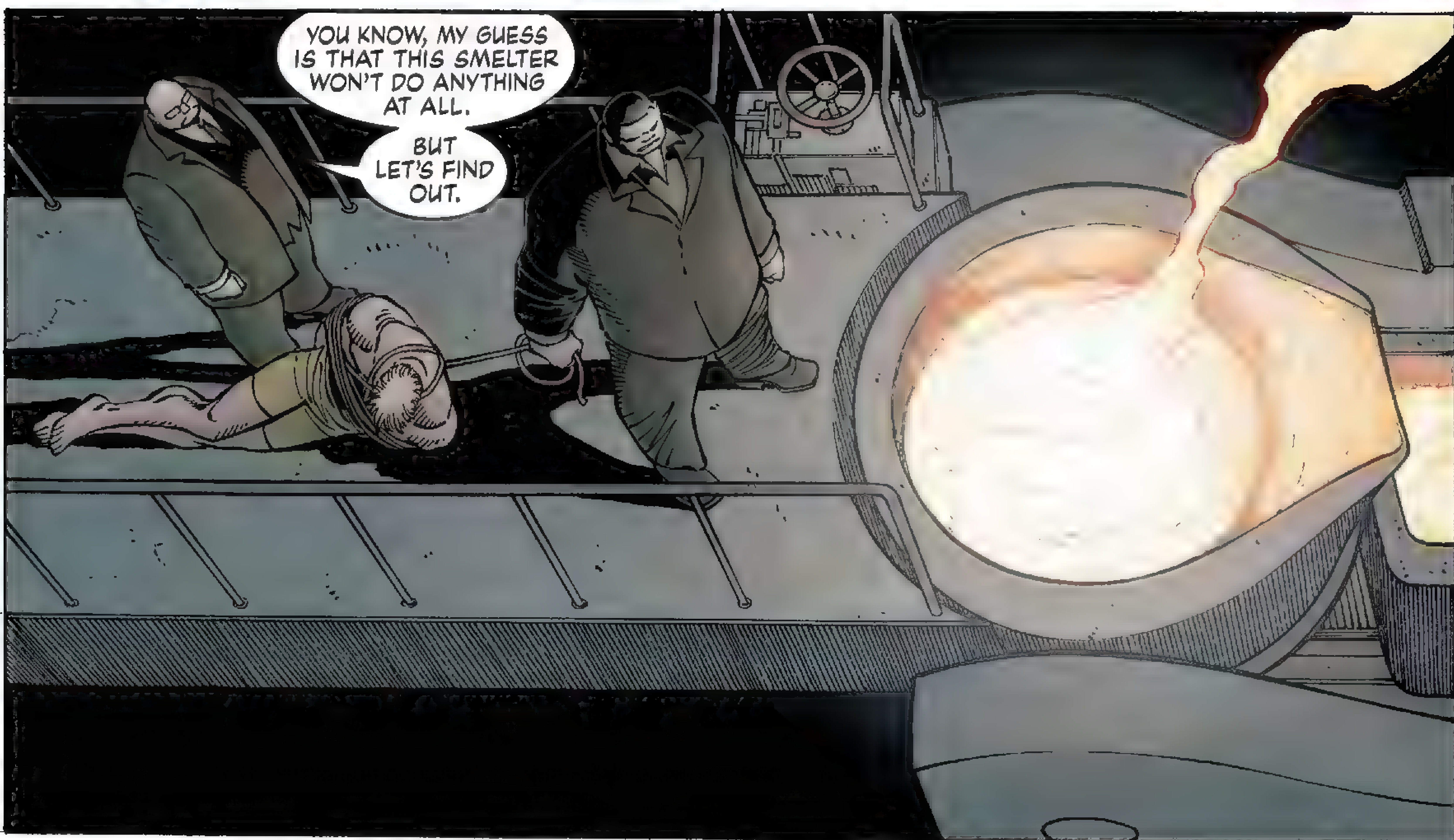

THEY AREN'T RUSSIANS. THEY'RE **VOROZHEIKANS.** THEY HAVEN'T BEEN RUSSIANS FOR, LIKE, FIFTEEN YEARS.
HEY, DID I TELL YOU, I'VE GOT SOME SUPER HEROES COMING?

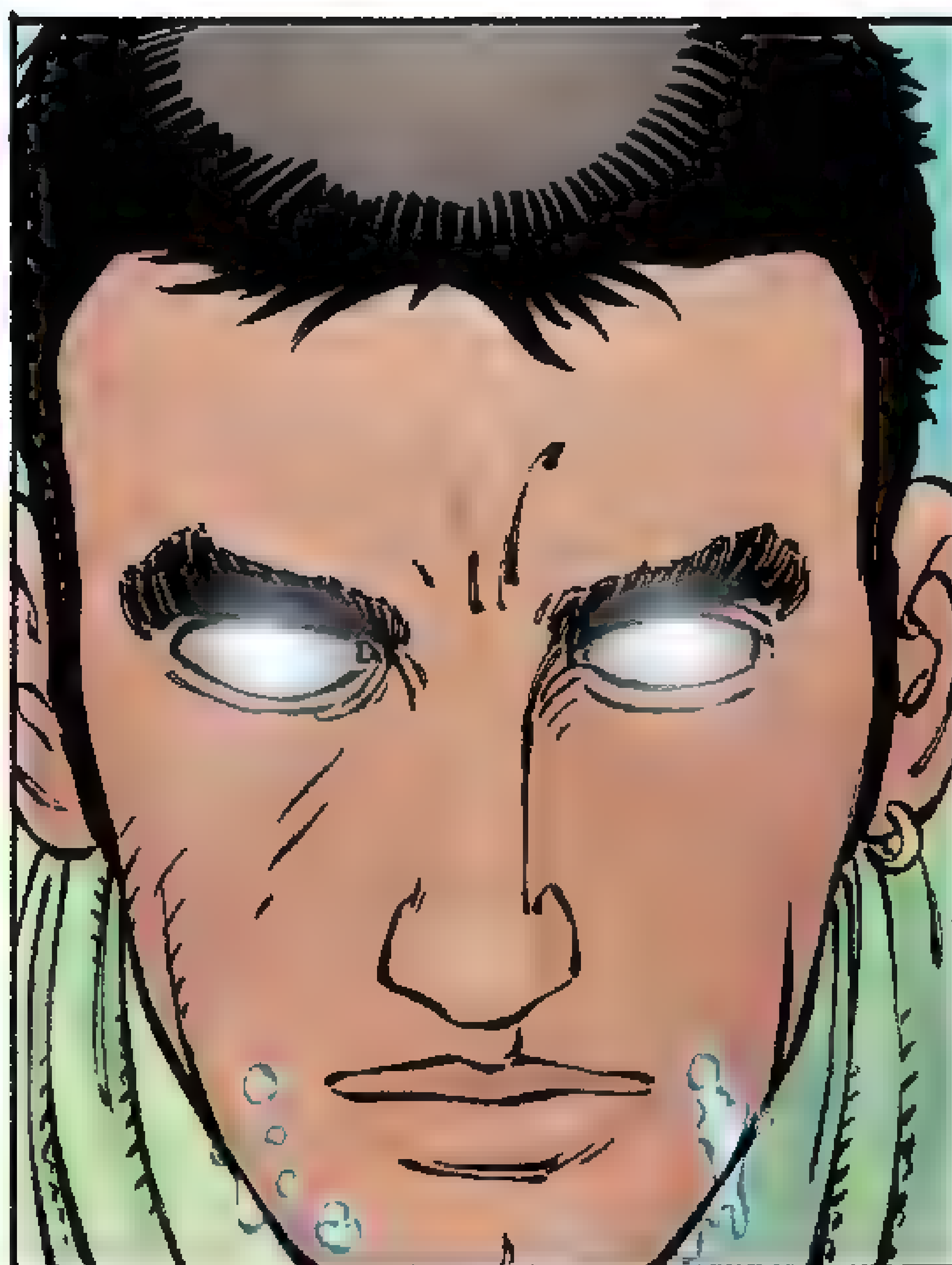

LET ME GUESS. IRON MAN? CAPTAIN AMERICA? SPIDER-MAN?
NOT EXACTLY. THE KIDS FROM *AMERICA'S NEXT SUPER HERO.*
THAT'S KINDA C-LIST. ANY WORD FROM JULIA ROBERTS?

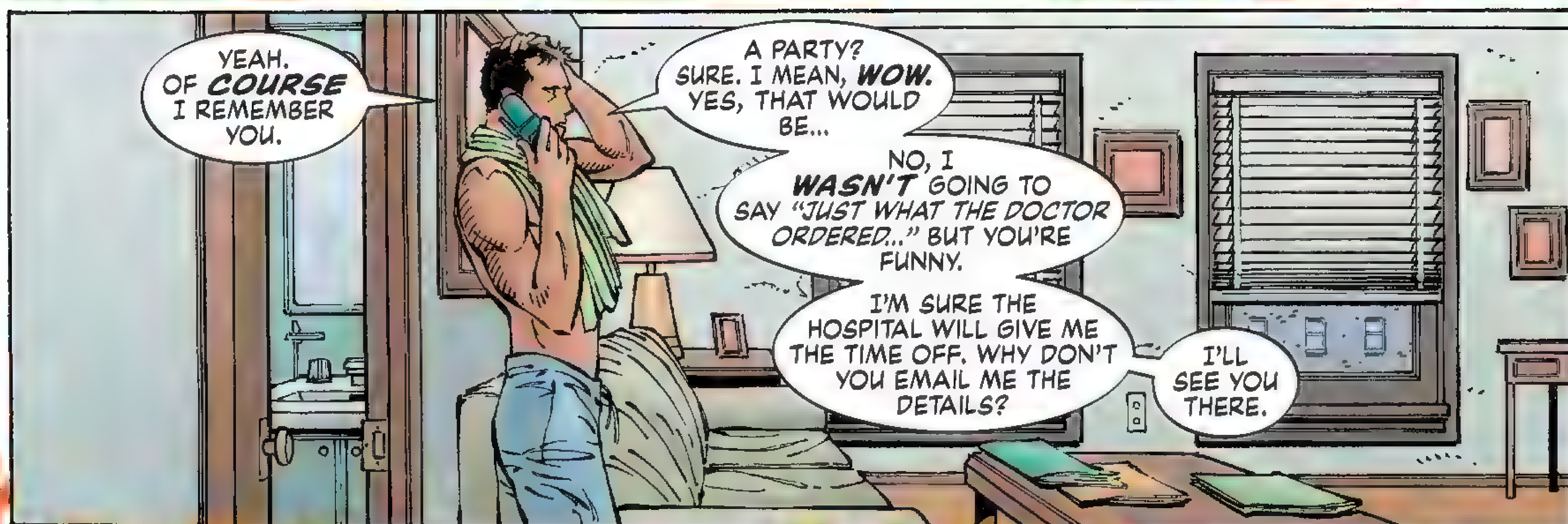
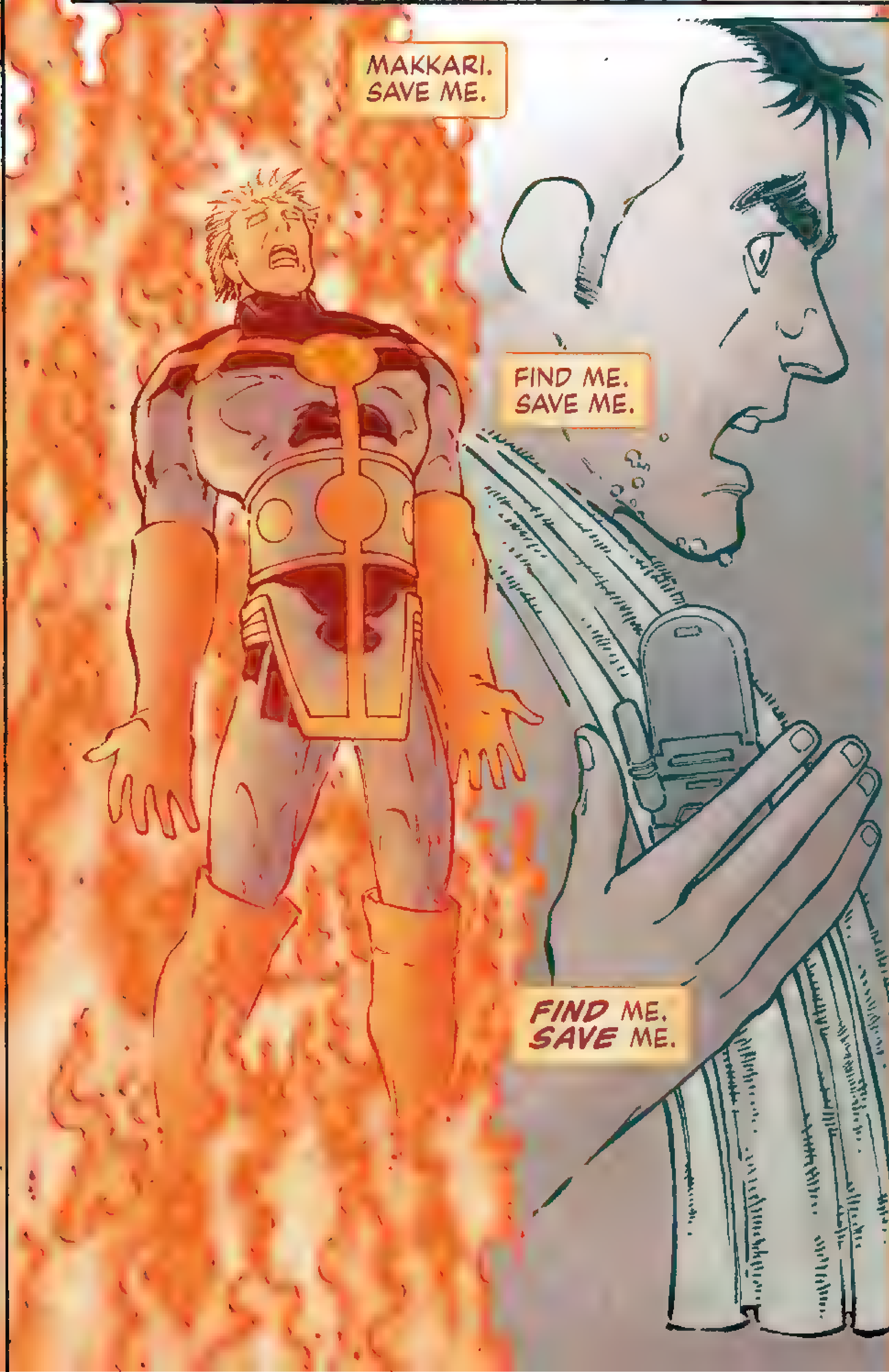
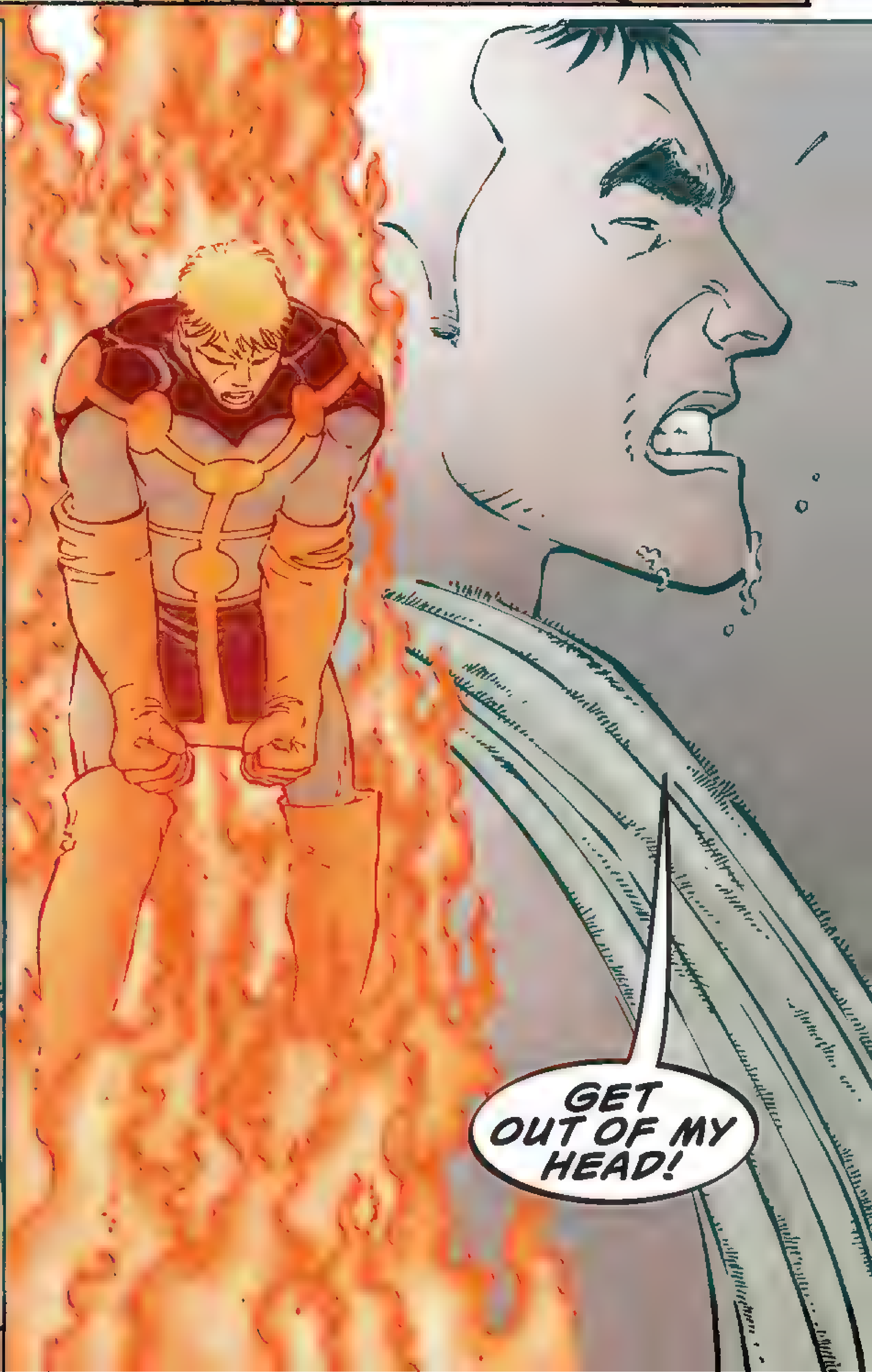

THEY TOOK IT AWAY! THEY TOOK IT AWAY! THEY TOOK IT AWAY! ALL ONE! ALL ONE!
NOTHING YET. WE LIVE IN HOPE.

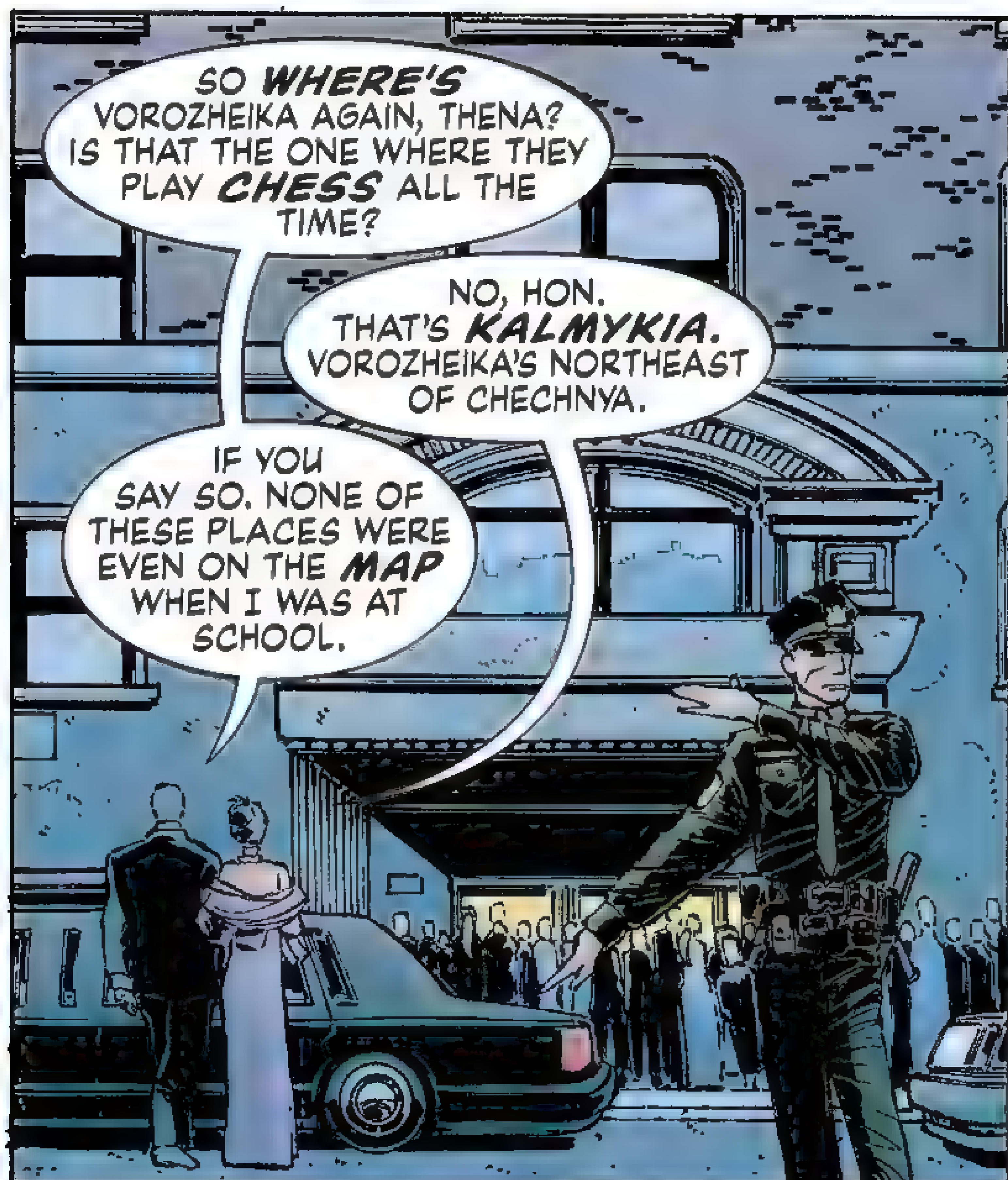

MY THEORY...STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD ME SAY THIS BEFORE...IS THAT THERE'S SOME KIND OF PROTECTIVE ENERGY FIELD AROUND HIM, CLOSE ENOUGH THAT IT'S PRACTICALLY IN HIS SKIN. THE FIELD REACTS TO PROTECT HIM FROM HEAT, OR PRESSURE, OR SUDDEN FORCE.
WHAT ABOUT THE INTERNAL ORGANS? YOU ASK ME. EACH OF THEM IS HYPEREFFICIENT, SELF-REPAIRING EVEN WHEN FRIED OR LIQUEFIED.
I THOUGHT THE ACID MIGHT WORK. AND THE CAR-CRUSHER. I ADMIT THAT I WAS WRONG.

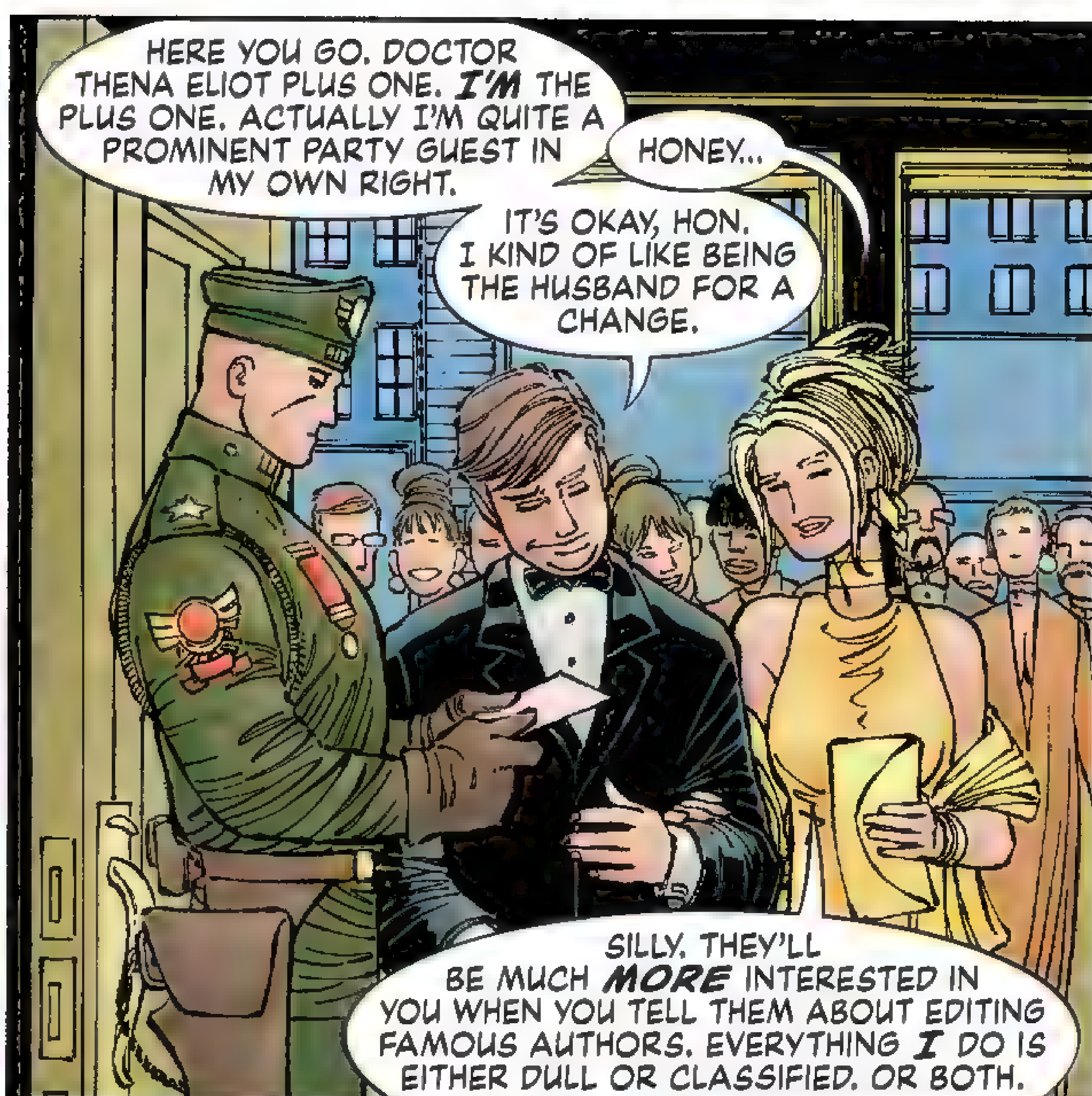

AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'LL SAY, OLD FRIEND. WHY DON'T WE JUST STRAP HIM TO THE BUSINESS END OF A CYCLOTRON AND TURN IT ON? IF BLASTING HIM TO MOLECULES DOESN'T DO THE TRICK, WE COULD BLAST HIM TO ELECTRONS...
AND IF IT COMES TO THAT, WE SHALL.
HE'S JUST NOT BUILT FOR DYING, IS HE?

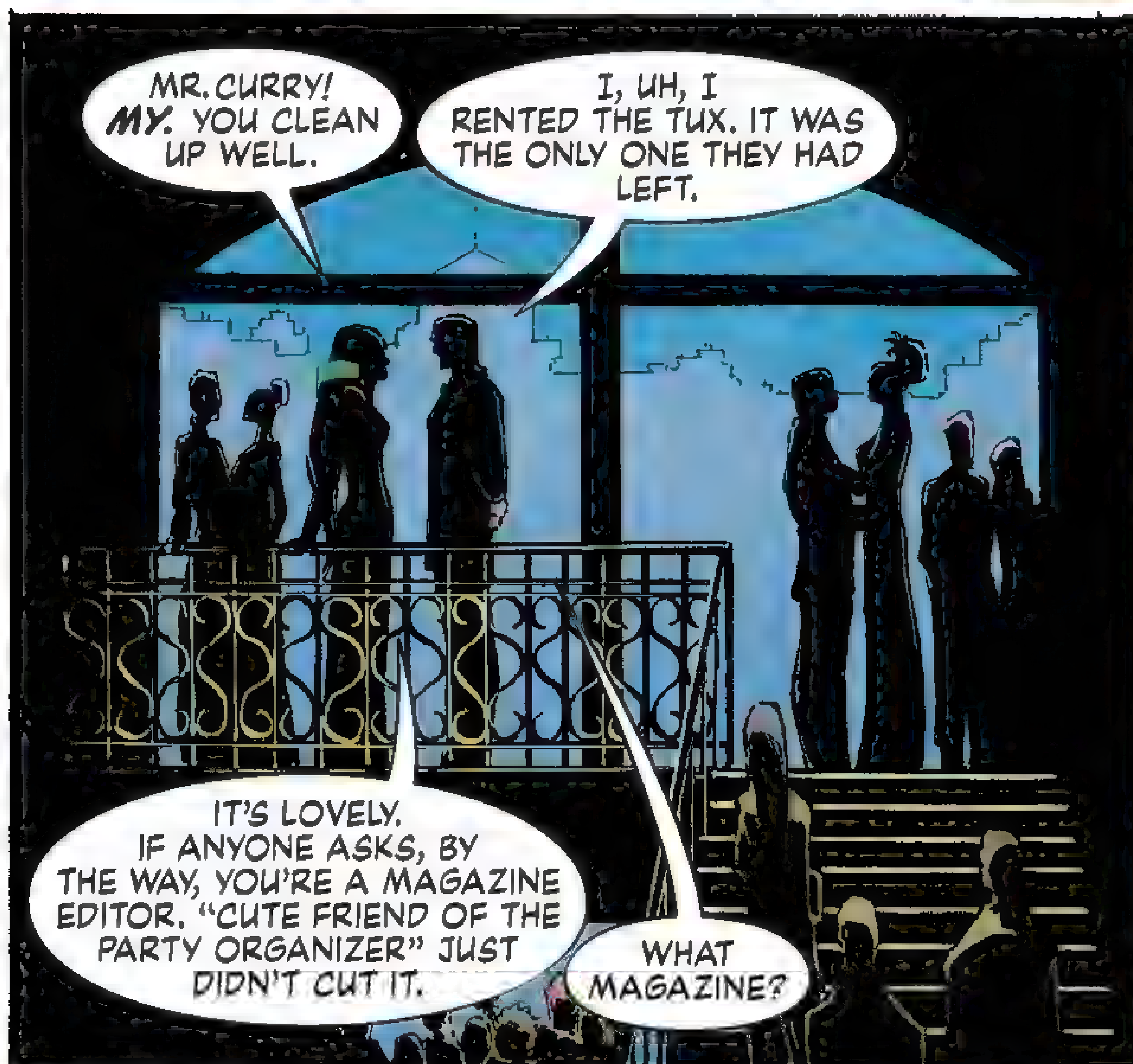

YOU KNOW, MY GUESS IS THAT THIS SMELTER WON'T DO ANYTHING AT ALL.
BUT LET'S FIND OUT.

HUH?

YEAH. OF COURSE I REMEMBER YOU.
A PARTY? SURE. I MEAN, WOW. YES, THAT WOULD BE...
NO, I WASN'T GOING TO SAY "JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED..." BUT YOU'RE FUNNY.
I'M SURE THE HOSPITAL WILL GIVE ME THE TIME OFF. WHY DON'T YOU EMAIL ME THE DETAILS?
I'LL SEE YOU THERE.

MAKKARI. SAVE ME.
FIND ME. SAVE ME.
FIND ME. SAVE ME.

GET OUT OF MY HEAD!


SO WHERE'S VOROZHEIKA AGAIN, THENA? IS THAT THE ONE WHERE THEY PLAY CHESS ALL THE TIME?
NO, HON. THAT'S KALMYKIA. VOROZHEIKA'S NORTHEAST OF CHECHNYA.
IF YOU SAY SO. NONE OF THESE PLACES WERE EVEN ON THE MAP WHEN I WAS AT SCHOOL.


HERE YOU GO. DOCTOR THENA ELIOT PLUS ONE. I'M THE PLUS ONE. ACTUALLY I'M QUITE A PROMINENT PARTY GUEST IN MY OWN RIGHT.
HONEY...
IT'S OKAY, HON. I KIND OF LIKE BEING THE HUSBAND FOR A CHANGE.
SILLY. THEY'LL BE MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN YOU WHEN YOU TELL THEM ABOUT EDITING FAMOUS AUTHORS. EVERYTHING I DO IS EITHER DULL OR CLASSIFIED. OR BOTH.


MR. CURRY! MY. YOU CLEAN UP WELL.
I, UH, I RENTED THE TUX. IT WAS THE ONLY ONE THEY HAD LEFT.
IT'S LOVELY. IF ANYONE ASKS, BY THE WAY, YOU'RE A MAGAZINE EDITOR. "CUTE FRIEND OF THE PARTY ORGANIZER" JUST DIDN'T CUT IT.
WHAT MAGAZINE?


FOREIGN POLICY MONTHLY. JUST PRETEND YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT FOREIGN POLICY.
BUT I DON'T.
SO FAKE IT. IT ALWAYS WORKS FOR ME.



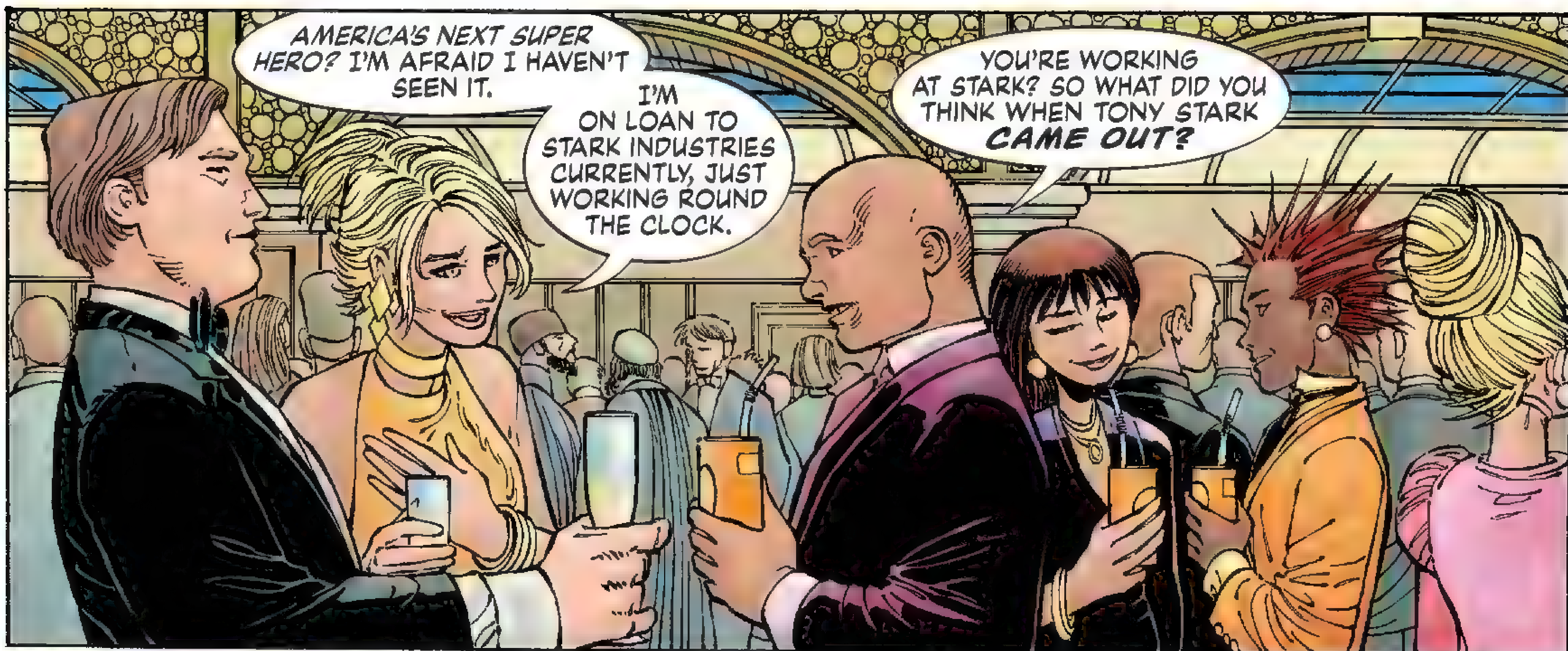

ER. "CUTE FRIEND OF THE PARTY ORGANIZER," SERSI?
NOT NOW, CUTE BOY. I'M WORKING.

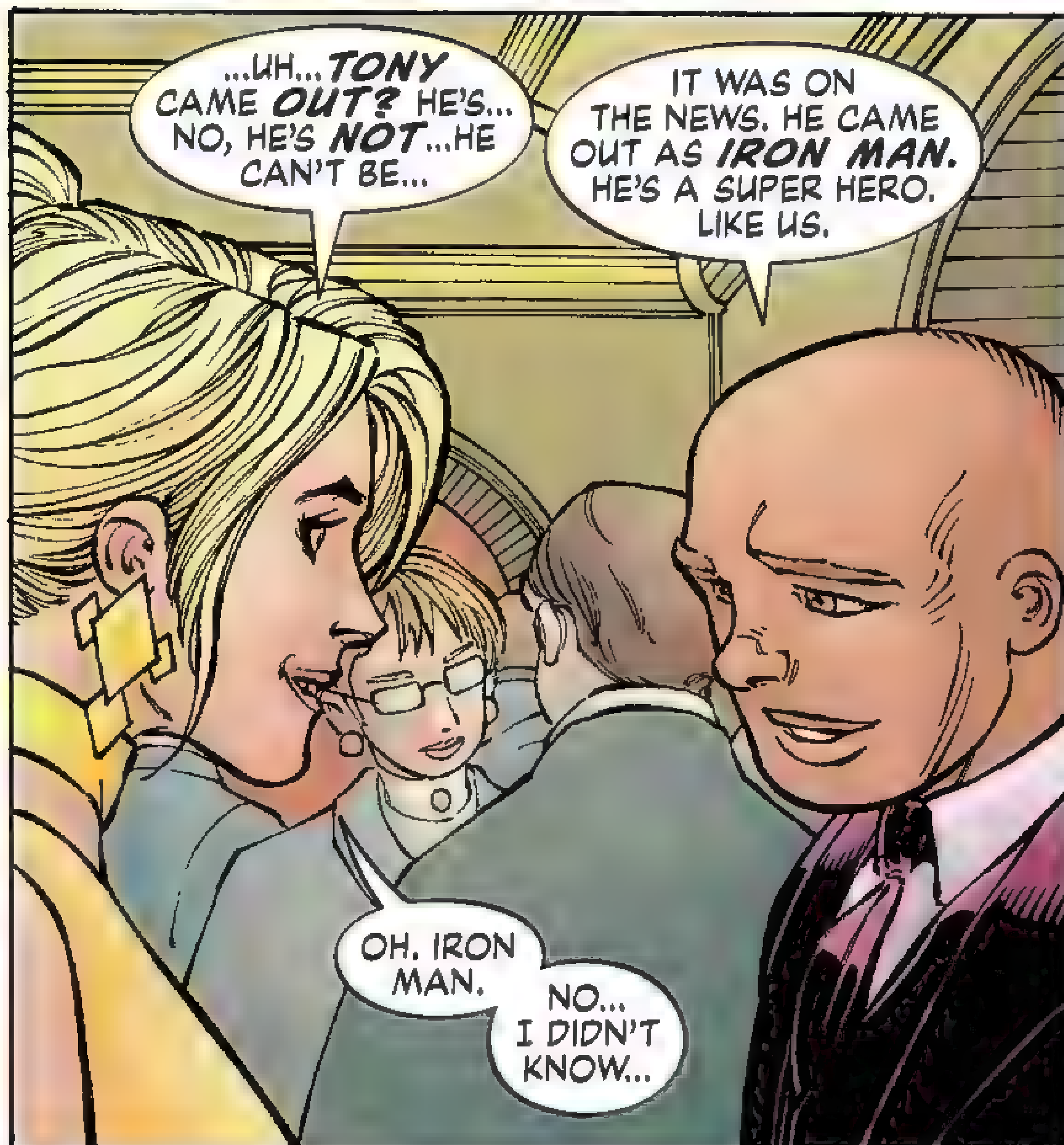
WELL, I THINK *FOREIGN POLICY MONTHLY'S* POSITION ON CHECHNYA HAS REMAINED FAIRLY CONSISTENT...
CONSISTENT? ONE ISSUE YOU SUPPORT THE REBELS, THE NEXT YOU SUPPORT THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT IN CRUSHING THE REBELS.
WELL, ***EDITORIALLY*** CONSISTENT. WE ENCOURAGE OUR CONTRIBUTORS TO HAVE THEIR OWN OPINIONS.
DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER? THERE IS A CALL FOR YOU, SIR.
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN.
HAVE YOU SEEN ANYONE FAMOUS YET, HON?
DO ***SENATORS*** COUNT?
ONLY IF THEY'VE BEEN ON *THE DAILY SHOW.*
CHAMPAGNE?
I REGRET THAT WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO INDULGE IN ANY ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.
WE'RE UNDER EIGHTEEN. EXCEPT ***GRACE DARLING*** HERE, SHE WAS BORN IN THE 1820'S.
THE PRODUCERS WERE SATISFIED THAT I AM BIOLOGICALLY SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE, MASTER TANTRUM.
DON'T ***BUG*** HER, TANTRUM. SHE DIDN'T ***ASK*** TO BE TIME-FROZEN.

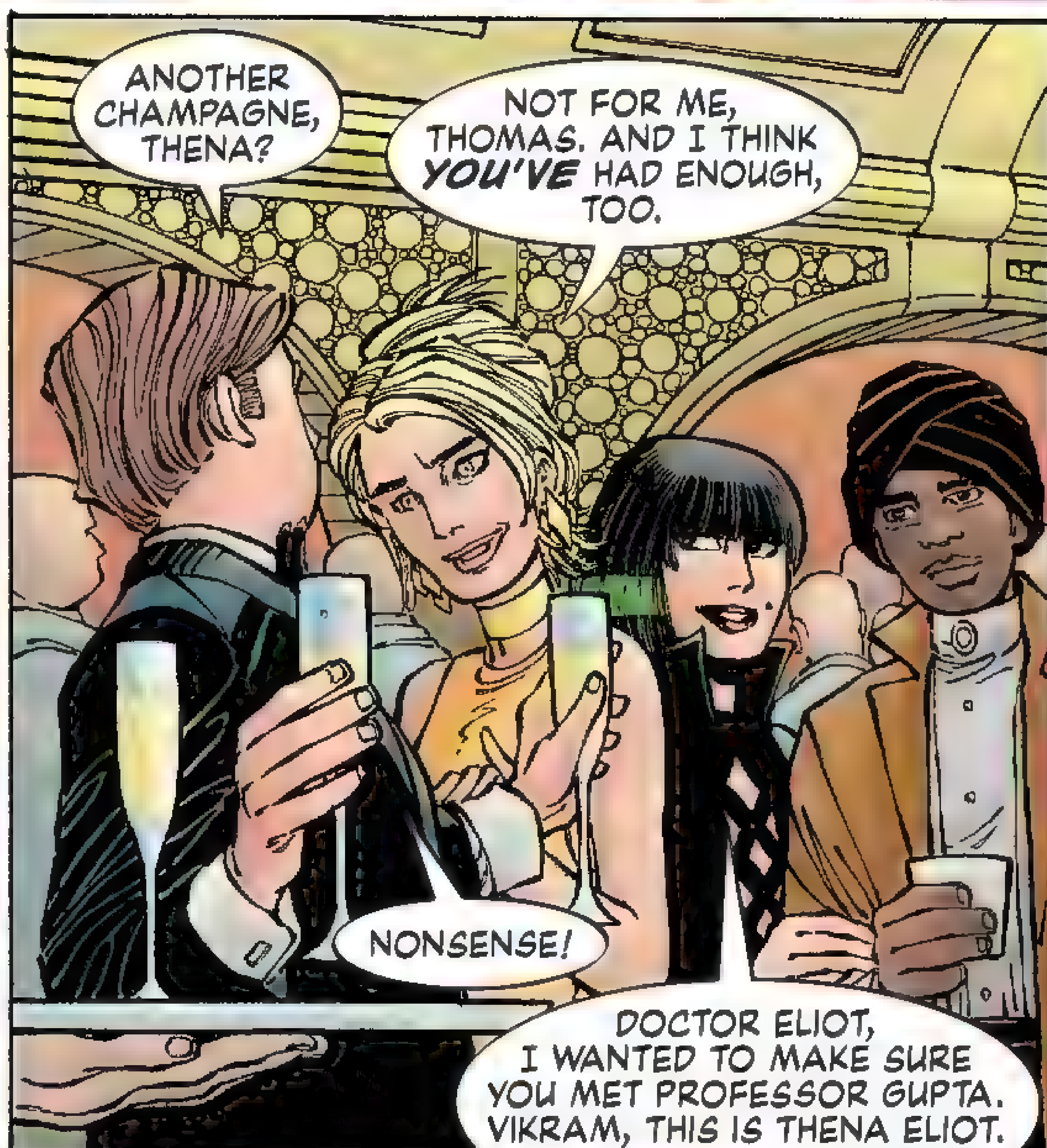







AMERICA'S NEXT SUPER HERO? I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T SEEN IT.
I'M ON LOAN TO STARK INDUSTRIES CURRENTLY, JUST WORKING ROUND THE CLOCK.
YOU'RE WORKING AT STARK? SO WHAT DID YOU THINK WHEN TONY STARK **CAME OUT?**


...UH...**TONY** CAME **OUT?** HE'S... NO, HE'S **NOT**...HE CAN'T BE...
IT WAS ON THE NEWS. HE CAME OUT AS **IRON MAN.** HE'S A SUPER HERO. LIKE US.
OH. IRON MAN.
NO... I DIDN'T KNOW...

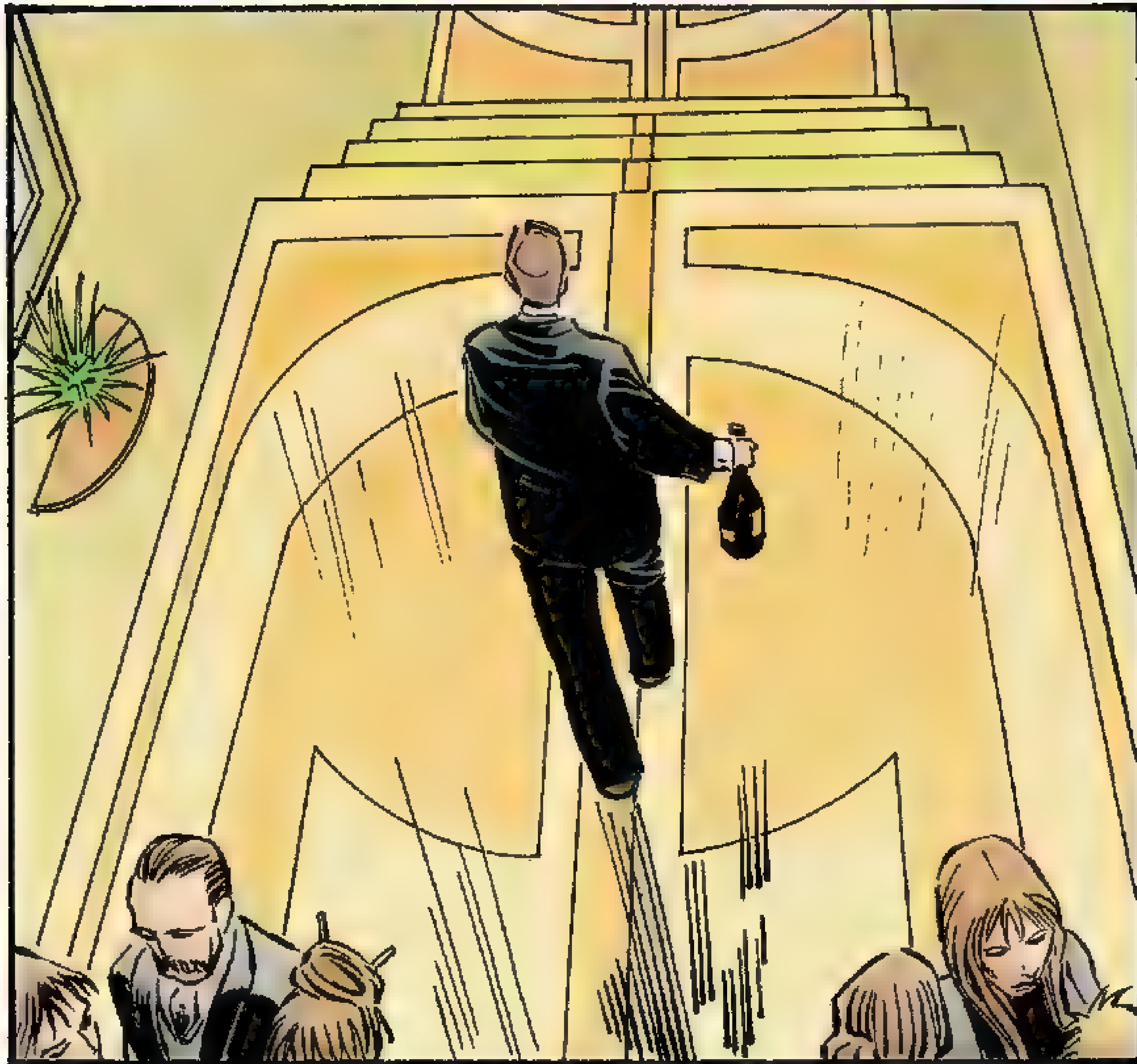

ANOTHER CHAMPAGNE, THENA?
NOT FOR ME, THOMAS. AND I THINK **YOU'VE** HAD ENOUGH, TOO.
NONSENSE!
DOCTOR ELIOT, I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU MET PROFESSOR GUPTA. VIKRAM, THIS IS THENA ELIOT.


YOU'RE VIKRAM GUPTA? YOU KNOW, YOUR ESSAY ON 21ST-CENTURY WEAPONS SYSTEMS WAS WHAT MADE ME GO INTO WEAPONRY.
I AM HONORED. I'VE READ YOUR PAPERS, OF COURSE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?
IT'S... IT'S SORT OF CLASSIFIED.


THIS IS SUR**REAL.** I KNOW **NOTHING** ABOUT INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEM I WAS A **DOCTOR.**
YOU DON'T LOOK **OLD** ENOUGH TO BE A DOCTOR.


IT'S STILL A GREAT PARTY. SAY, THAT GUY DRUIG...
HE'S THE DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER OF VOROZHEIKA.
CREEPS ME OUT. I KEEP THINKING I KNEW HIM FROM SOMEWHERE.
WELL, BE *NICE* TO HIM. HE SIGNS THE CHECKS.

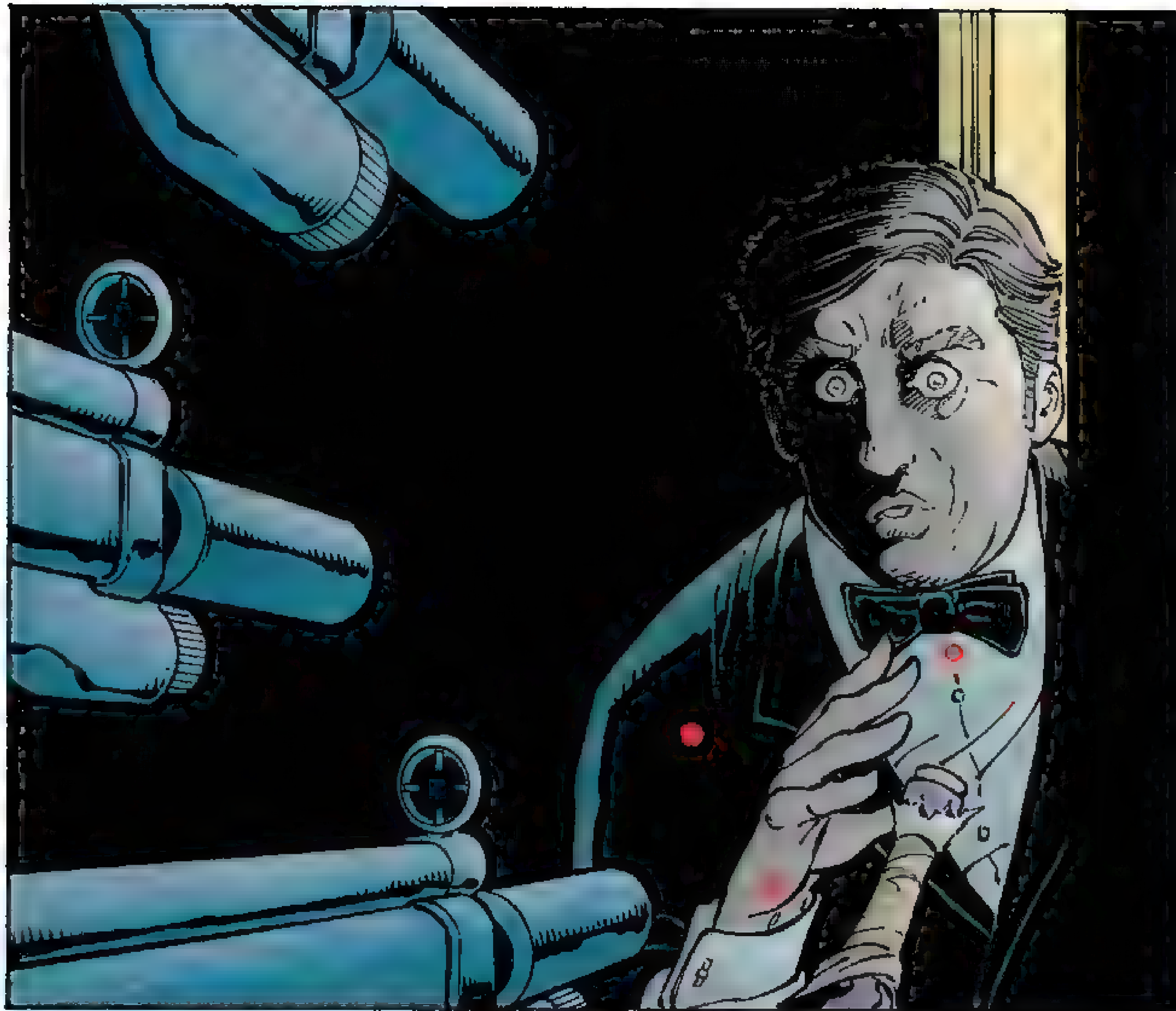

AH, EXCUSE ME, MISS. I WAS WONDERING, THE UH, THE MEN'S RESTROOMS, WHERE...
RIGHT. IT'S DOWN THAT HALLWAY ON THE LEFT.

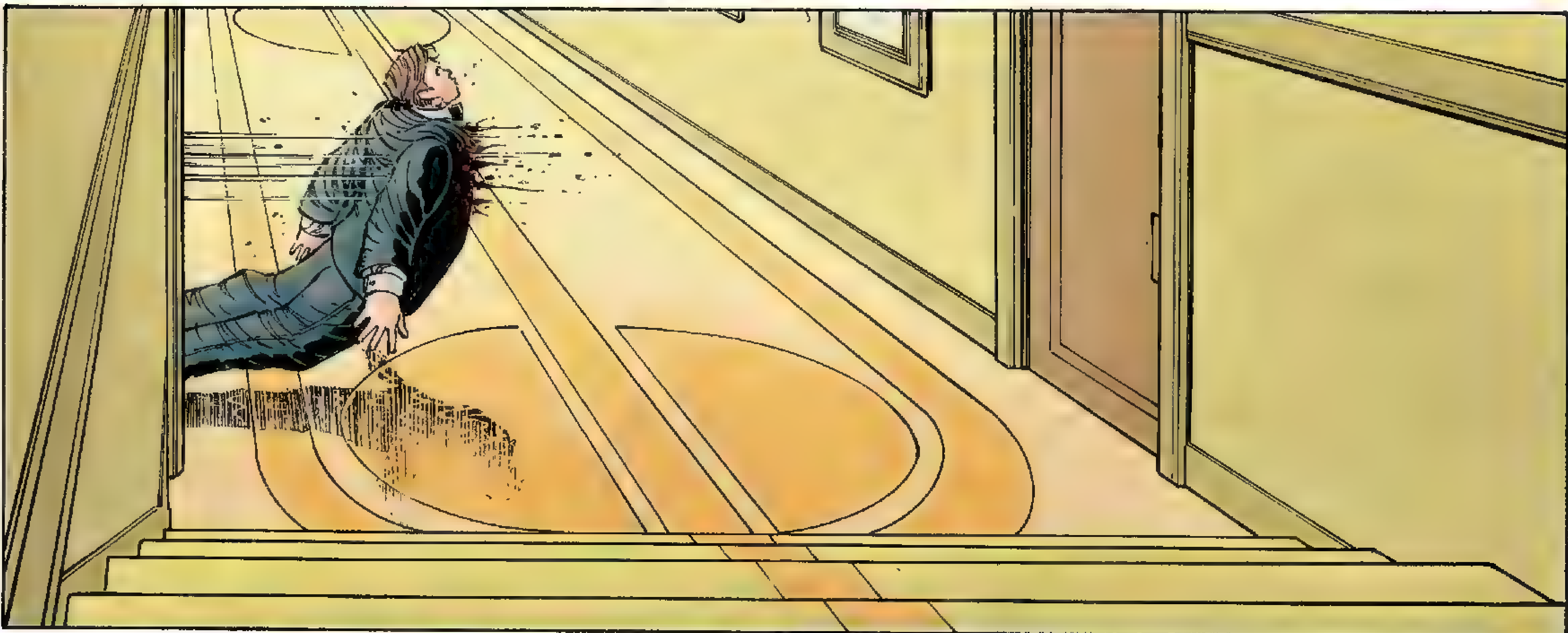
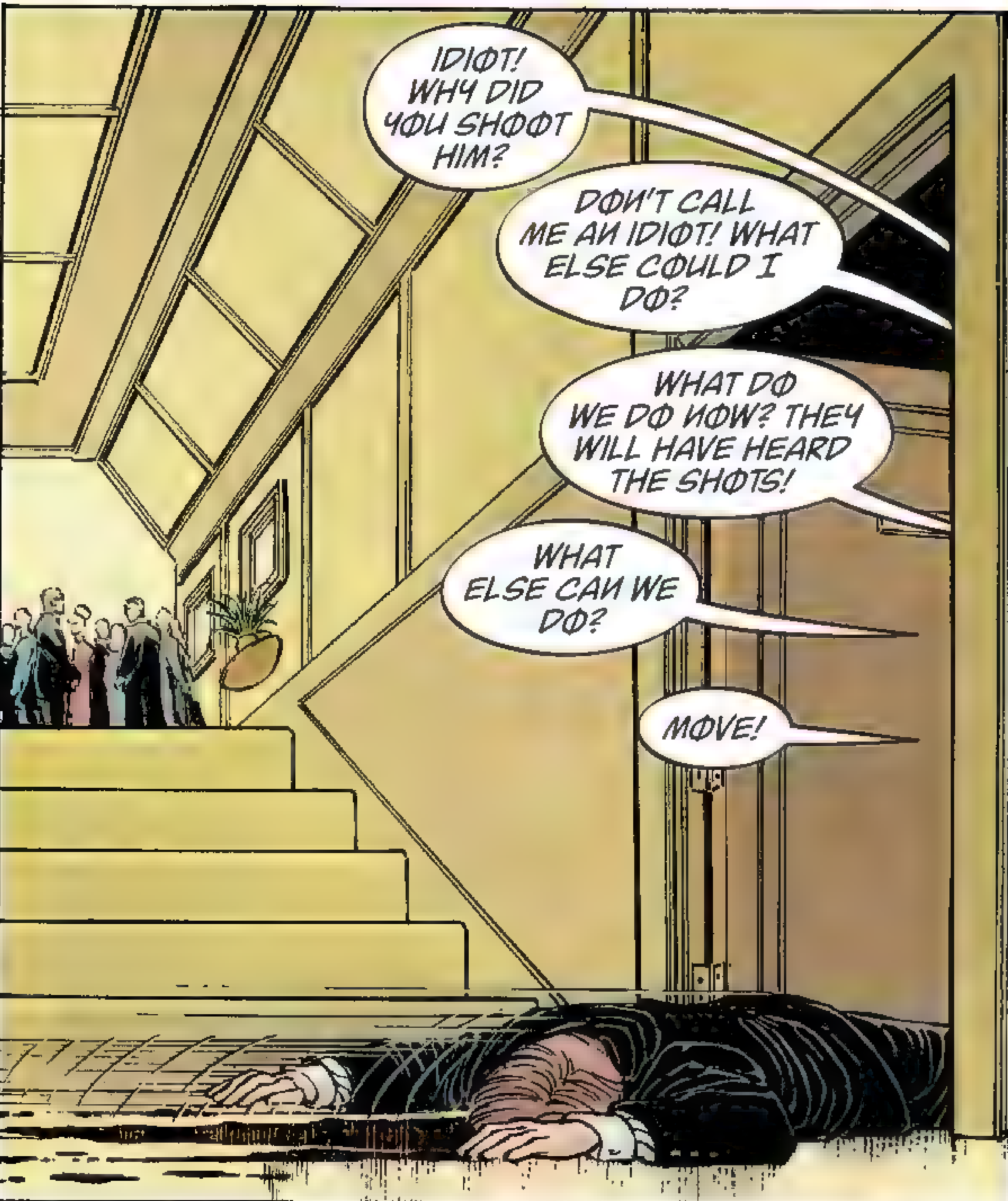



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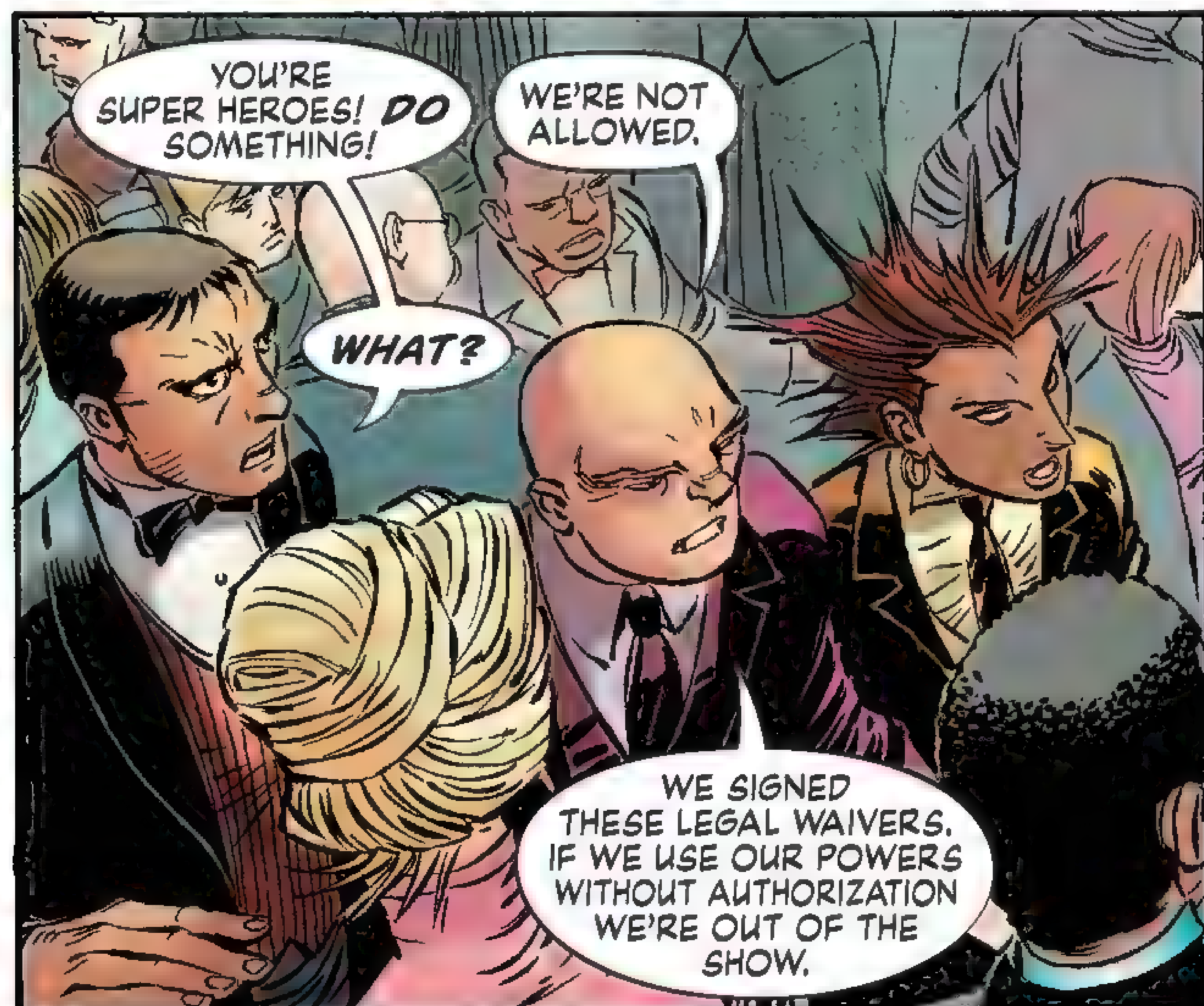


IDIOT! WHY DID YOU SHOOT HIM?
DON'T CALL ME AN IDIOT! WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?
WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THEY WILL HAVE HEARD THE SHOTS!
WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?
MOVE!

SOUNDS LIKE SOME FIREWORKS JUST WENT OFF EARLY. HAHA...
HI, EVERYONE. I'M SERSI--YOU CAN FIND ME AT PARTIESBYSERSIDOTCOM. I HOPE EVERYONE'S HAVING A GREAT TIME. I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU ALL TO OUR HOSTS TONIGHT, VOROZHEIKAN DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER IVAN DRUIG, AND THE VOROZHEIKAN AMBASSADOR DANAY LEPT--
THIS IS A HOSTAGE SITUATION!

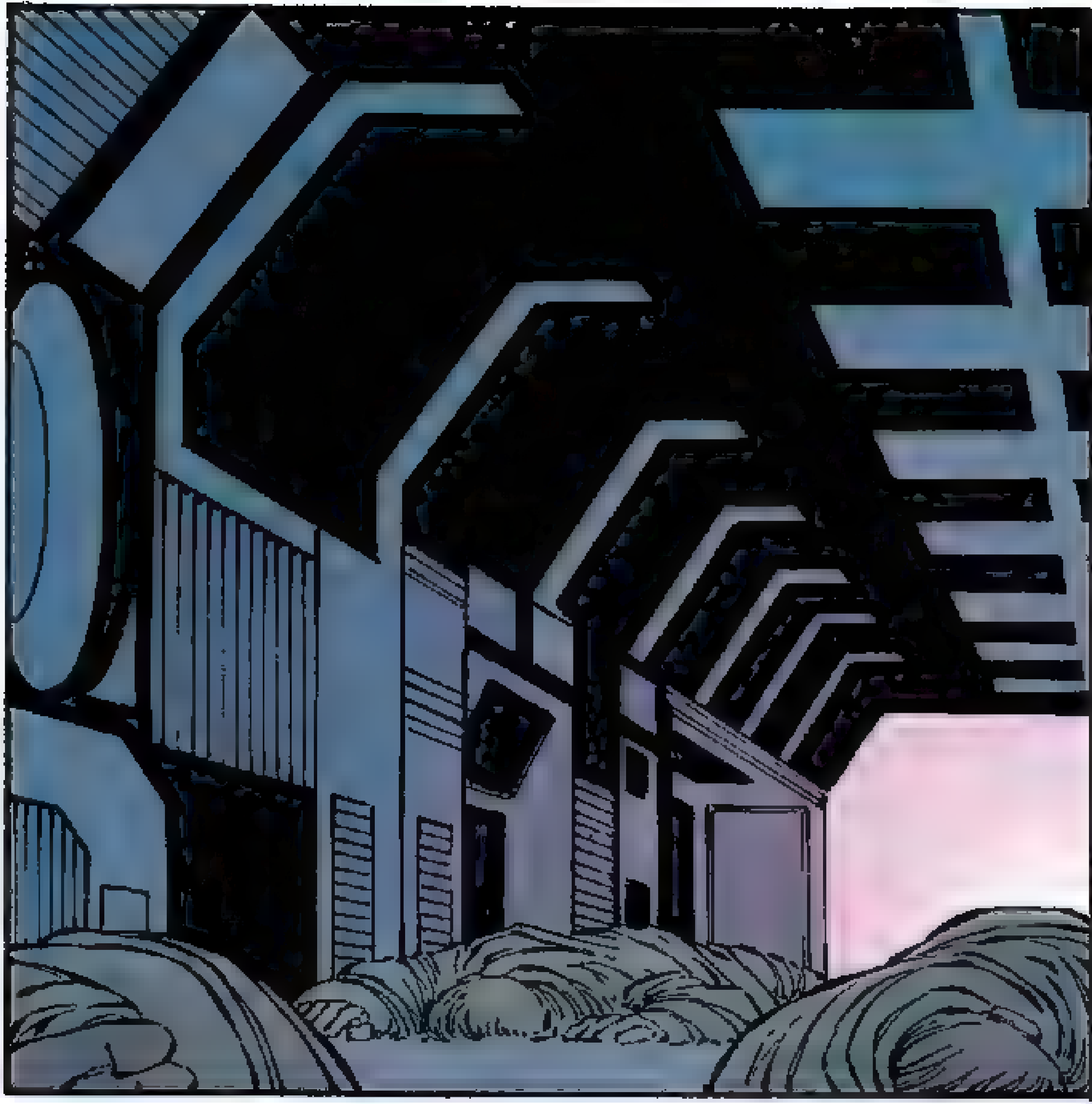

WE HAVE ALREADY SHOT ONE OF YOU. THE NEXT PERSON TO TRY ANYTHING IS THE NEXT PERSON TO BE SHOT.
GET INTO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. ALL CELLPHONES AND ANY-THING THAT WE COULD MISTAKE FOR A WEAPON. TAKE THEM OUT CAREFULLY. DROP THEM ON THE FLOOR.


DRUIG! WHAT IS HAPPENING?
I DON'T KNOW, AMBASSADOR.
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
I DON'T KNOW. JUST DO WHAT THEY SAY.

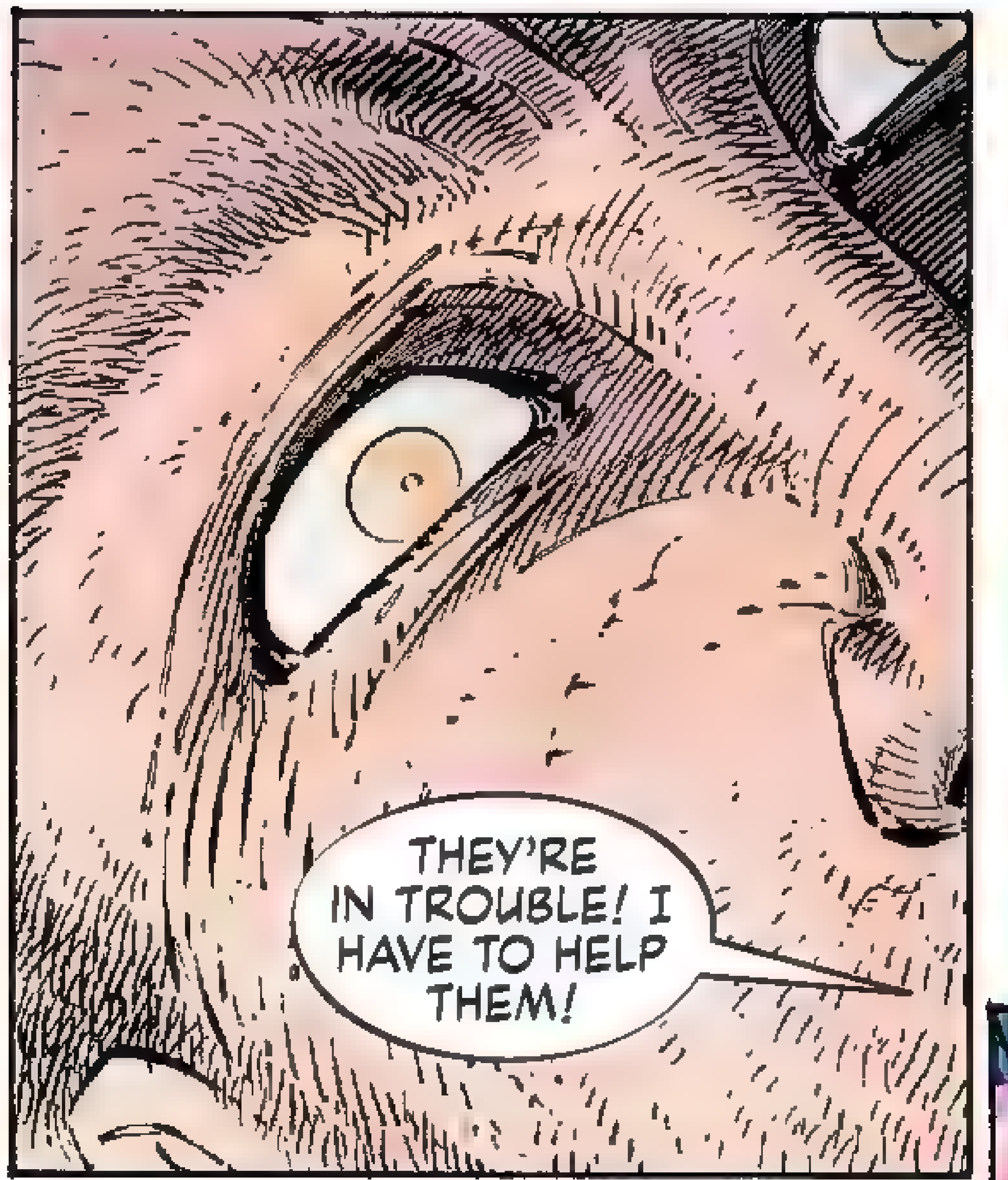

I AM THE VOROZHEIKAN AMBASSADOR. WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE? WHAT ARE YOUR DEMANDS? THESE PEOPLE ARE OUR GUESTS, AND, SPEAKING AS A--
OUR DEMANDS ARE THAT YOU STAND IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. AND SHUT UP.
MOVE AND WE SHOOT YOU ALL.


YOU'RE SUPER HEROES! DO SOMETHING!
WE'RE NOT ALLOWED.
WHAT?
WE SIGNED THESE LEGAL WAIVERS. IF WE USE OUR POWERS WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION WE'RE OUT OF THE SHOW.


THOSE WERE SHOTS...
...NOT FIRECRACKERS.
WHERE'S THOMAS?
OH GOD...
THEY'RE IN TROUBLE.





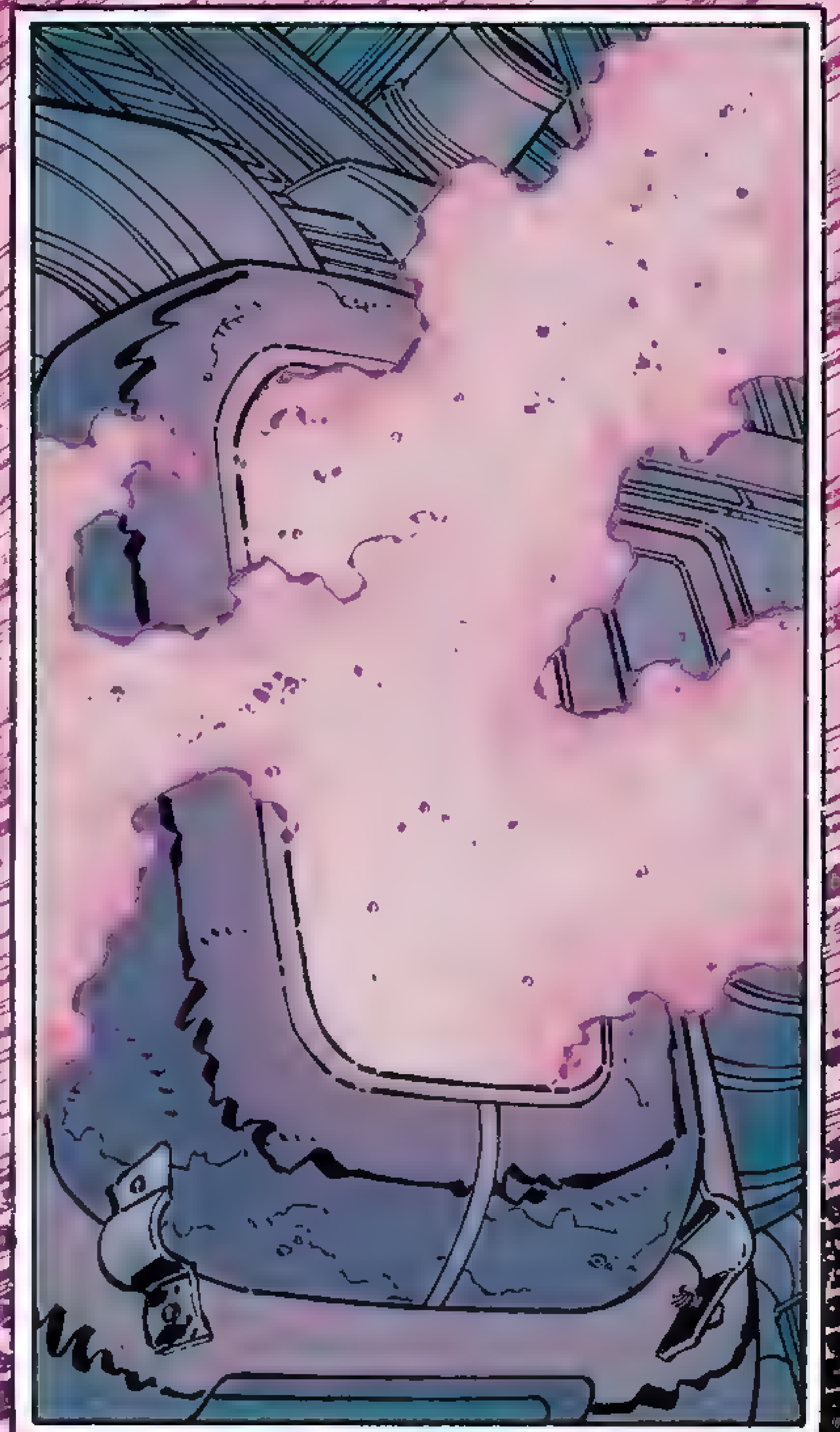

THEY'RE IN TROUBLE! I HAVE TO HELP THEM!

NO. SORRY.
THE UNI-MIND. IF THEY JUST JOIN...
FOUR OF THEM. THERE ARE FOUR OF THEM THERE. THAT'S ENOUGH...
NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.


WHO ARE YOU TWO? WHY ARE YOU DOING ALL THIS TO ME?
WE'RE... HUMANITARIANS.

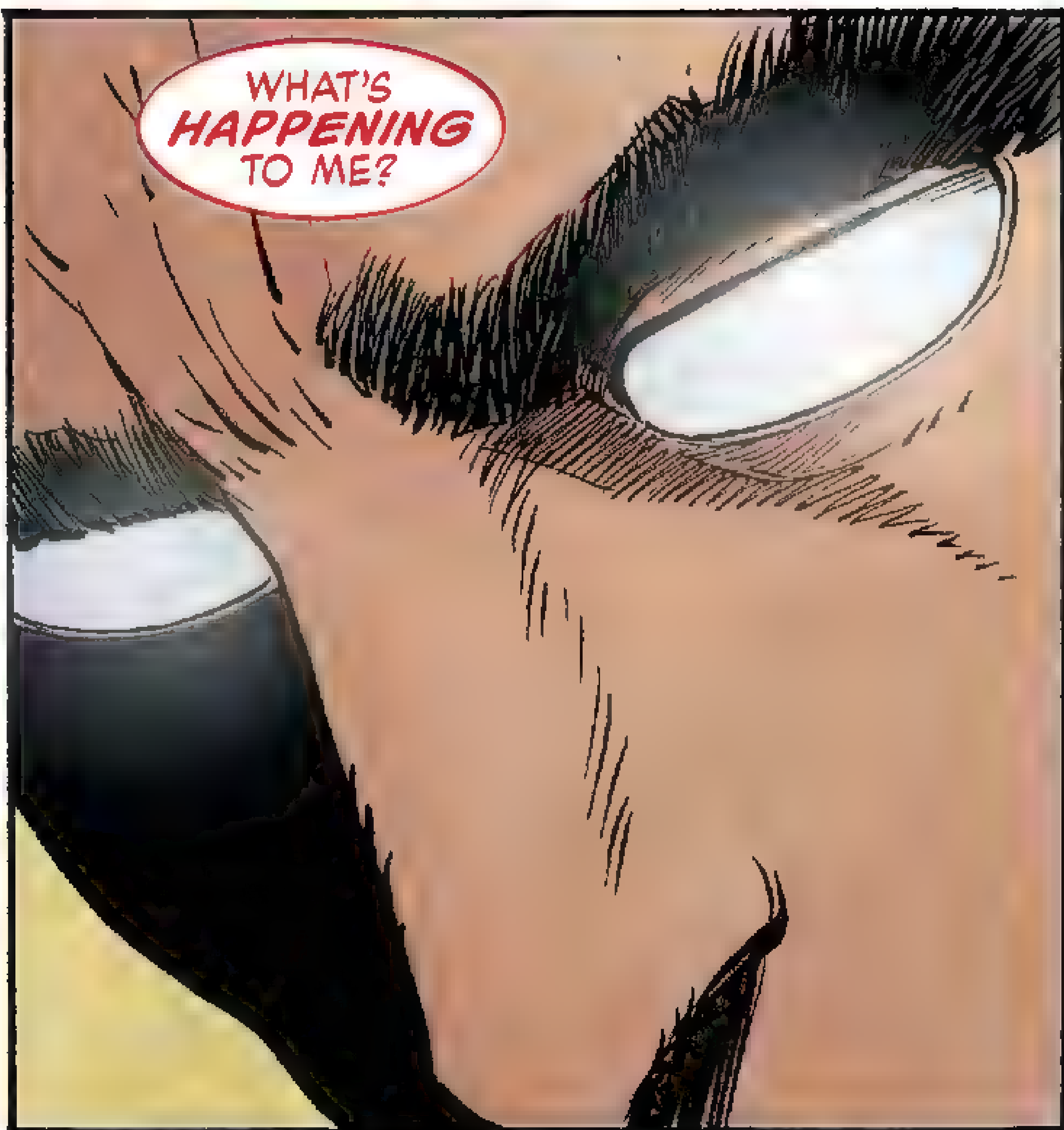

JUST TELL ME WHO YOU'RE WORKING FOR--

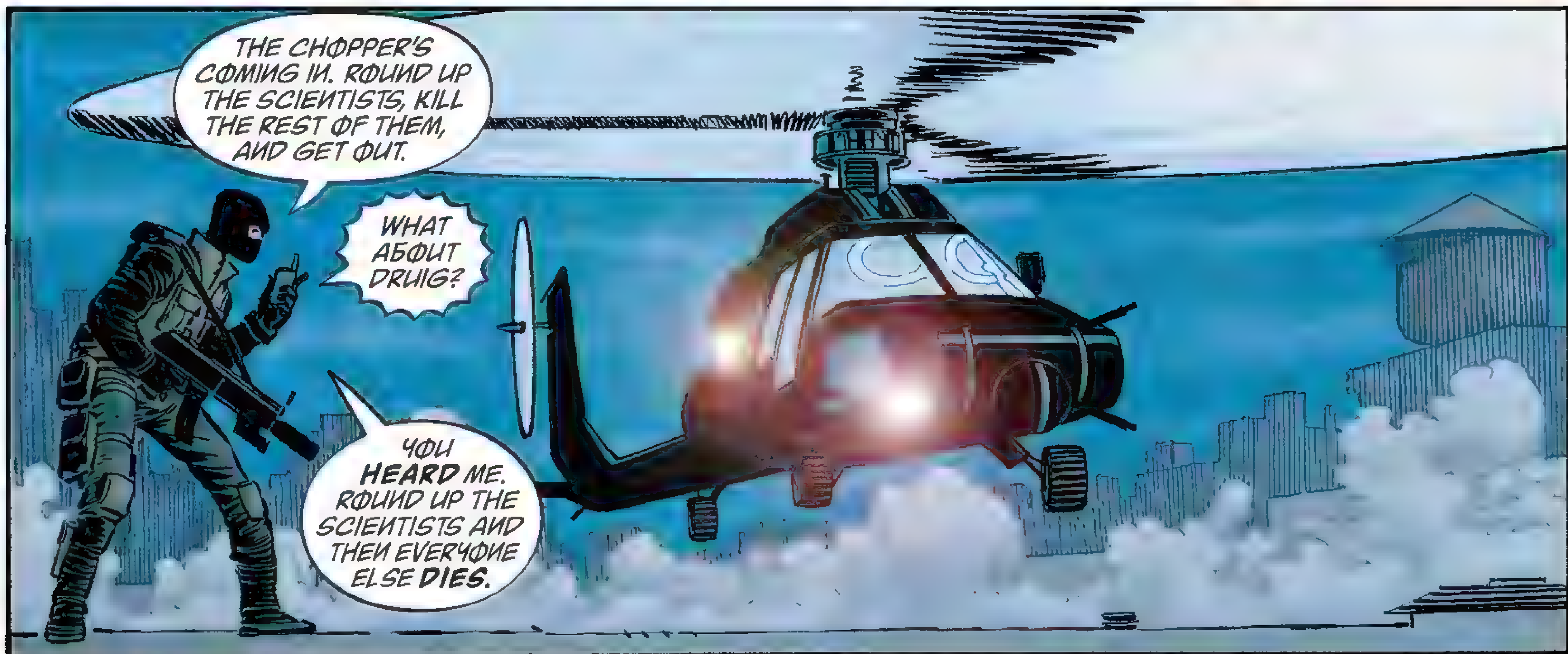

--TELL ME WHY.




IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY, SERSI.
NO. IT'S NOT. THERE ARE MEN WITH GUNS AT MY PARTY. I DON'T THINK THIS CAN POSSIBLY END WELL.


BUT THANK YOU FOR SAYING IT ANYWAY, MARK.
I THINK THAT MUST BE WHY I LIKE YOU.
DID YOU SAY THAT OUT LOUD? IT WAS LIKE I HEARD IT IN MY HEAD.


WHAT'S **HAPPENING** TO ME?


THE CHOPPER'S COMING IN. ROUND UP THE SCIENTISTS, KILL THE REST OF THEM, AND GET OUT.
WHAT ABOUT DRUIG?
YOU **HEARD** ME. ROUND UP THE SCIENTISTS AND THEN EVERYONE ELSE **DIES**.

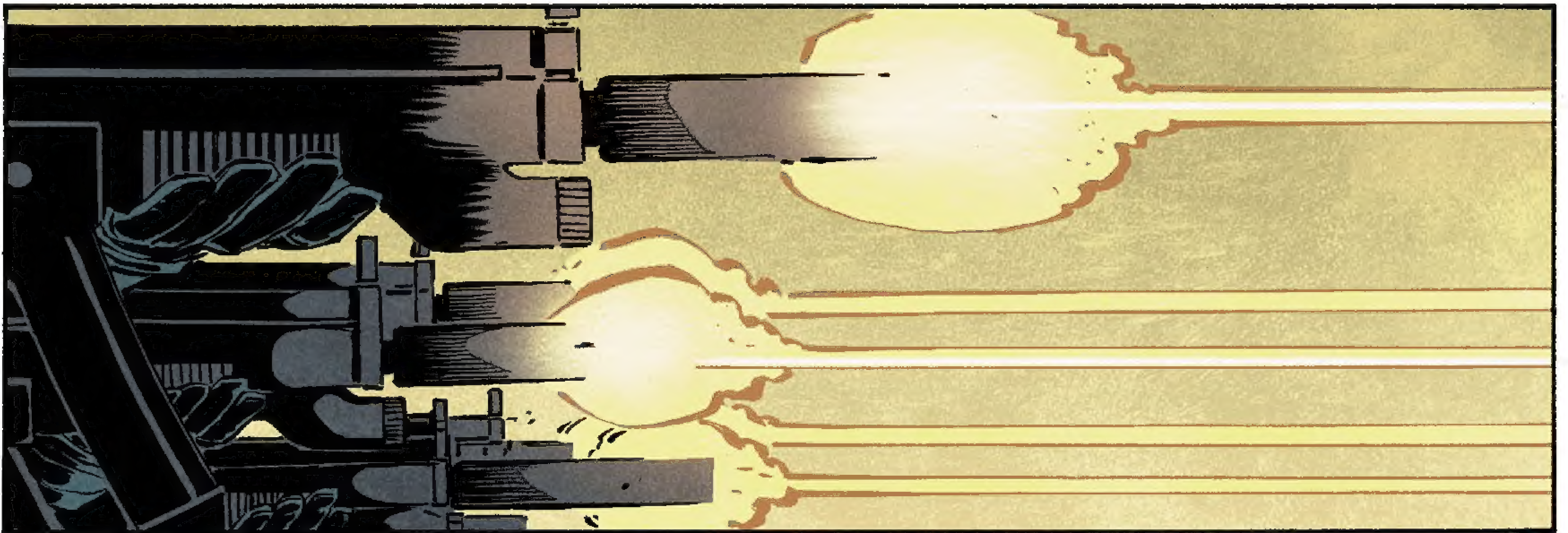

ROOF
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?
UP THE STAIRS. NOW. SHUT UP.



I THINK I...
I THINK I MAY POSSIBLY LOVE YOU.



ИФ! THIS IS ALL WRФИG. THIS IS MEAИT TФ БE...A HФSTAGE SITUATIФИ...
ИФW. DФ IT. KILL THEM.
FIRE!





I KNOW THEY SAY THAT UNDER STRESS, EVERYTHING SLOWS...
AND THEY'RE RIGHT. IT SLOWS...
...AND THEN IT STOPS...



...LIKE SOME KIND OF DREAM WHERE THE WORLD BECOMES A FROZEN TABLEAU...


OW!
THAT HURT.
I'M NOT DRESSED FOR THIS...


OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO EXIST AT HYPERSPEEDS YOU'D NEED TO BE DRESSED FOR IT.
LIGHTWEIGHT, FULL-BODY ARMOR...MAYBE A VISOR OF SOME KIND...

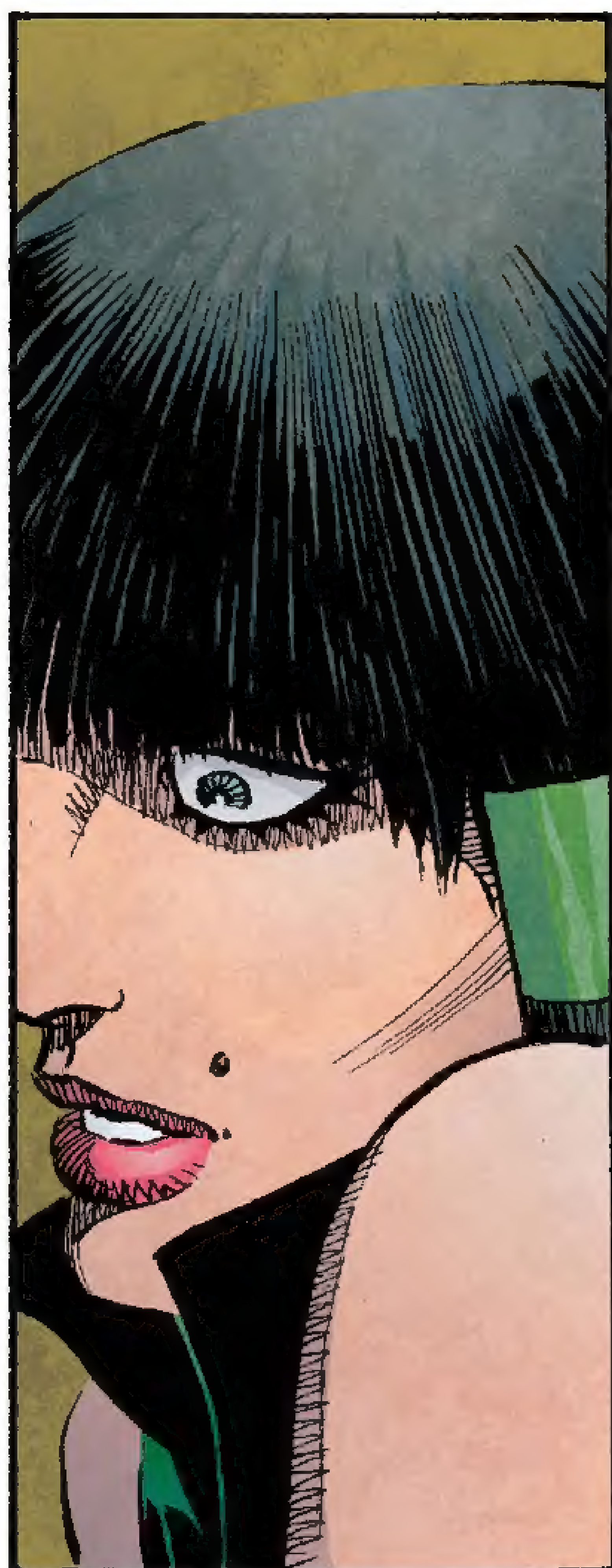

I'M HALLUCINATING.
I'M NOT HALLUCINATING.
IT'S HAPPENING. I'M MOVING AT HYPERSPEED...

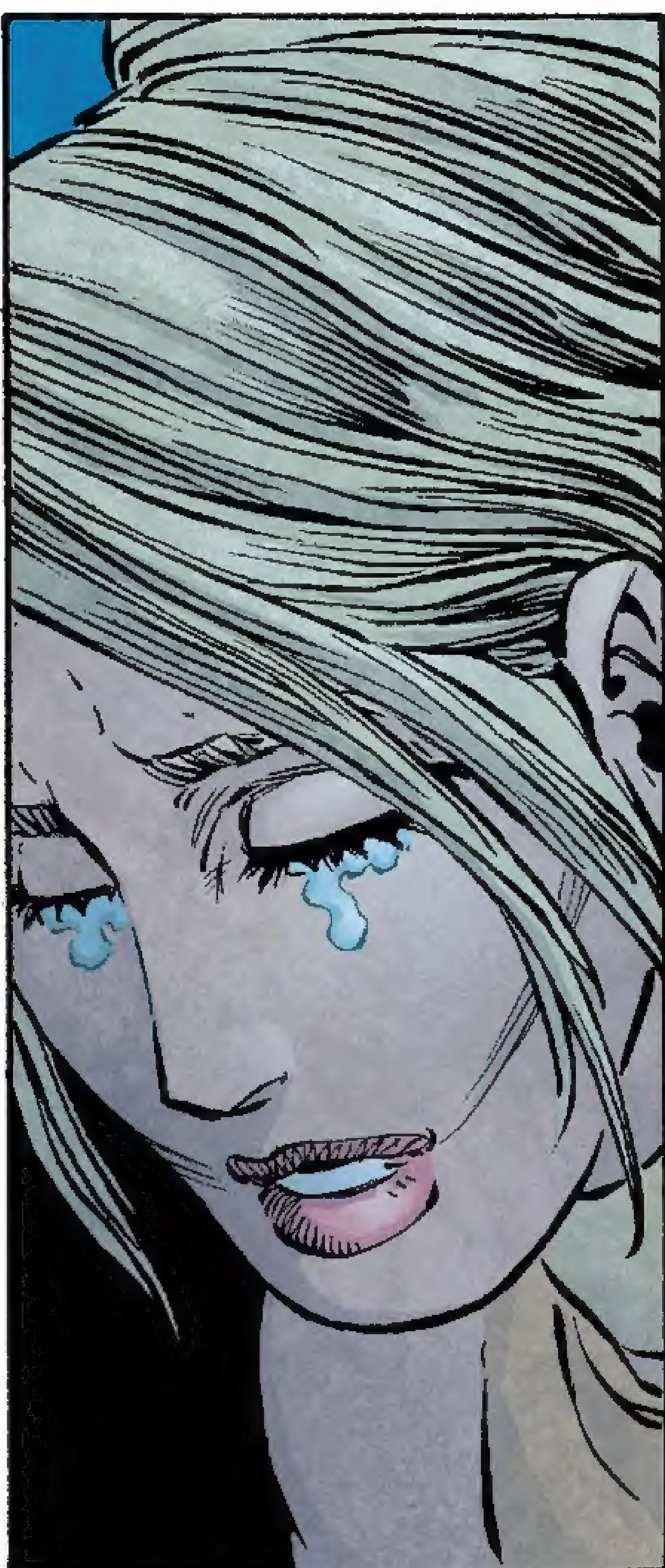

BUT IF I TRY TO MOVE THE PEOPLE, AT THIS SPEED, I'LL KILL OR INJURE THEM.


AND I CAN'T JUST PICK THE BULLETS OUT OF THE AIR AND DROP THEM. THEY'RE TOO HOT TO HOLD, AND ALL THAT ENERGY HAS TO GO SOMEWHERE...
I'VE GOT TO THINK.


I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST.

NOW. DO IT. KILL THEM.













ZONE